





Columbia Automobiles, Gasoline and Electric, meet every requirement of pleasure driving, general use and business.

Mark XLVII, 40-45 h. p., 4-Cylinder Gasoline Car. Five to seven passengers. Standard Touring, Royal or Double Victoria, Landulet or Limousine Body, \$4,500 or \$5,500.  
Mark XLVI, 24-28 h. p., 4-Cylinder Gasoline Car. Standard Body. Five passengers, \$3,000; Limousine, \$4,000.  
Mark XLIV-2, 18 h. p., 2-opposed Cylinder Gasoline Car, with Governor and Foot Throttle Control. Five passengers, \$1,750.  
Mark LX, Electric Runabout, \$900. Most popular carriage in its class.  
Mark LXI, Electric Victoria Phaeton, the most Luxurious and Efficient Light Electric Carriage ever produced, \$1,350.

ELECTRIC BROUGHAMS, HANSOMS, LANDAULETS, Busses.  
Electric Delivery Wagons and Trucks Ranging from 1,000 lbs. to 10,000 lbs. load capacity.

Separate catalogues of Columbia Gasoline Cars, Columbia Electric Carriages, and Columbia Electric Commercial Vehicles will be sent on request; also illustrated pamphlets, "Columbia Chrome-nickel Steel," "Consistent Differences in Columbia Construction," "Fashioning a Crank-shaft," "Transmission, Etc."

**ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.**  
N.Y. Branch: 134-136-138 W. 39th St. Chicago Branch: 1332-1334 Michigan Ave. Boston: Columbia Motor Vehicle Company, 74 Stanhope St. Philadelphia: Pennsylvania Electric Vehicle Co., 250 North Broad St. Washington: Washington E. V. Transportation Co., 15th St. and Ohio Ave. Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers



COLUMBIA Mark XLVII



**An Automobile Necessity**



Makes your car ride like a rocking-chair.  
Increases the speed and prevents lost traction.  
Obviates the necessity of slowing down for obstructions.  
Absolutely prevents breaking of springs.

**New model absolutely self-adjusting.  
Requires no attention after application.**


Adopted by the Pierce Great Arrow, Locomobile, Matheson, Richard-Brasier, Peugeot, Napier, Gobron-Brillie, Studebaker.

Cars under 1500 lbs. \$40 (four suspensions). Cars over 1500 lbs. \$60 (four suspensions).

**WARNING**  
We are the owners of fundamental patents entirely covering every practicable form of frictional retarding devices for vehicle springs and hereby warn the trade from handling any infringing device that may be offered for sale. We also warn the trade against the use of the term "SHOCK ABSORBER" which is our trade mark.

**HARTFORD SUSPENSION COMPANY,**  
E. V. Hartford, Pres. 67 Vestry Street, New York

WE ARE SOLE AMERICAN AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED  
**GOBRON-BRILLIE**  
"THE FINEST AUTOMOBILE IN THE WORLD"



**The Pope-Hartford Model F**

will carry five people fifty miles an hour and take them up a seventeen per cent. grade on the high gear. For the price, it gives more power, more comfort, easier control, makes less noise, and, with ordinary care, requires fewer repairs than any other 4-cylinder gasoline touring car. It has sliding gear transmission, with three speeds forward and reverse, bevel gear drive through propeller shaft to rear axle, control by throttle and ignition levers on, but not revolving with the steering wheel. Compared point for point with other machines, this model is easily one year ahead of any other \$2,500 car on the market.

20-25 H. P. Price (with extension top \$125 extra) **\$2,500.**  
The Pope-Tribune Model V is our 1906 2-cylinder touring car, efficient and dependable. Price, **\$900.**

**Pope Manufacturing Co.**  
HARTFORD, CONN.

New York City, 1733 Broadway  
Boston, 223 Columbus Avenue  
San Francisco, 481 Mission Street  
Washington, 819 14th Street, N. W.  
A. L. A. M.

**The Reliable Rambler**

**The Right Car at the Right Price**

There is a system of rigid tests and thorough inspection of each part and feature of the Rambler cars, whereby every possible weak spot is found in the factory, not on the road.

This system covers every step from the design and selection of the raw material to the finished product and begets a car that is *right* and *stays right* without tinkering and adjustment.

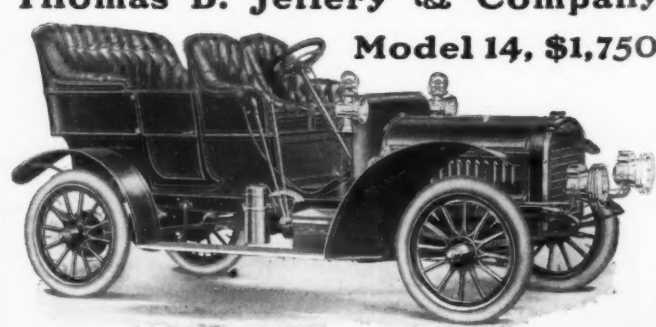
If this, in connection with abundant power, elegant appearance and simplicity of control, appeals to your judgment we invite your most critical examination of our Model 14.

In it is embodied every modern feature that has proven worthy of adoption and the facilities of the largest automobile plant in the world enable us to present it at a price far below anything approaching it in quality and equipment.

**Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin.**

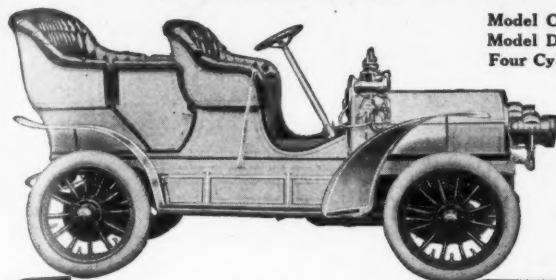
**Branches:**  
Chicago, 302-304 Wabash Avenue  
Boston, 145 Columbus Avenue  
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Philadelphia, 242 No. Broad Street  
Representatives in all leading cities

**Thomas B. Jeffery & Company**  
**Model 14, \$1,750**



# THE MARMON

"A Mechanical Masterpiece"



Model C, 24 H. P., \$2,500  
Model D, 30 H. P., \$3,000  
Four Cylinders: Air Cooled

Double  
Three-Point  
Suspension

Luxury of Motion

Minimum of Wear

Easy on Tires

## One Finger Controls It

You can drive all day in the Marmon, up-hill and down, fly along country roads or crawl around corners and through crowded thoroughfares, all on the direct drive, never touching the clutch. One little lever on top of the steering wheel controls the whole range of speed. Control is instantaneous and wonderfully simple.

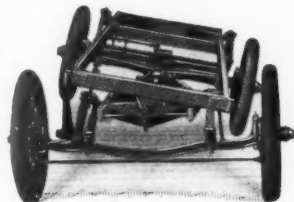
"It beats the steam car at its own game."—Dr. H. S. Hutchinson, Binghamton, N. Y.

The Marmon motor is an air-cooled revelation, dependable in any climate and under all conditions. It never overheats—largely due to the Marmon kind of air-cooling, and partly to the Marmon oiling system, the simplest, most efficient, and most economical oiling system ever devised.

Rigid Shaft Drive without Cardan Joints. Perfect power transmission. Makes hill climbing easy, rough and heavy road travel easy.

Not merely assembled, but made entirely in our factory. Solid cast aluminum body. High-grade in the fullest sense of the term.

Let us put you in touch with a Marmon agent. Write for Testimonials and Booklet L.



Flexible Running Gear

**Nordyke & Marmon Co.**  
(Etab. 1851) INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



Underscore parts of a letter for emphasis mars its appearance

## The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter

which writes black, purple or red as desired, enables you to send out letters emphatic to the mind as they are pleasing to the eye.

This machine permits not only the use of a three-color ribbon, but also of a two-color or single color ribbon. No extra cost for this 1906 model.

**THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.,**  
Syracuse, N. Y.

## LIFE'S PRINTS

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY LIFE PUB. CO.



A COZY CORNER.

After John Cecil Hay.

Facsimile in Color, 11 by 14 in.  
\$1.00.

A complete catalogue with reduced prints of 137 subjects will be sent to any address on receipt of Ten Cents by

**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
17 West 31st Street  
New York

**YOU MAY . . .  
EXCEED THE  
SPEED LIMIT  
BUT YOU WILL  
NEVER BE . . .  
STOPPED BY THE  
PENNSYLVANIA  
CLINCHER  
RACING TYPE  
STRONG-SAFE-FAST.  
NON-SKIDDING WITHOUT STUDS.**

**PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY** JEANNETTE, PA.  
NEW YORK, 160 BROADWAY  
BOSTON, 157 OLIVER ST.  
LONDON, 4 NEWBURY ST.  
PHILADELPHIA, 615 N. 3RD ST.  
CHICAGO, 166 LAKE ST.



# Peerless



It is not fair to you nor fair to us to tell you in this small space what the points are that make the

## Peerless Direct Drive Motor Car

the acknowledged leader among high-grade cars—either American or foreign—in point of speed, simplicity, beauty and all-around reliability.

### OUR CATALOGUE GIVES

a good idea of them, but it takes an actual ride in a Peerless to realize what a masterpiece it is. Let us send you the catalogue and a personal letter of introduction to the Peerless agent nearest to you, arranging for a demonstration.

**THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 40 Lisbon Street, Cleveland, Ohio**  
Member A. L. A. M.

“My salary is \$2,500 per year. What would become of my family should I die suddenly?”

Free booklet. No importunity.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE  
Philad'a

### Rejected

EVERY publication has its own way of declining a manuscript.

The *Century* usually notifies the author by wire, adding, “Letter giving details will follow.”

*Everybody's* sends word on a souvenir postal card, showing “A Busy Day in Union Square.”

The *Cosmopolitan* returns the manuscript with a neatly printed card reading, “Nothing doing.”

The editor of *Ainslee's* writes a long, friendly letter of regret and invites the author to lunch with him.

*Harper's* uses the long-distance telephone whenever possible.

Every letter of rejection from the *Associated Sunday Magazine* is stained with the tears of William A. Taylor, or Uncle Bill, as he is affectionately known.

*McClure's* returns a courteous note reading, “This is a very good story, but it is too interesting.”—*The Touchstone*.

### Why She Wanted Park Lane

A LADY carrying a little dog got into an omnibus and wanted to know if every turning was Park Lane.

She began asking the question at Putney and repeated it at intervals all along the route until at last she was told, to the intense relief of everybody in the omnibus, that Park Lane was really before her eyes.

But they were not to see the last of her even then. “Look!” she said in ecstatic tones, holding up the dog to the window, “that’s where your mother was born!”—*London Chronicle*.

### Its Effect

“I THINK that my speech on this question will have some effect.”

“It has already had an effect,” answered Senator Sorghum. “You have caused two or more questions to grow where there was but one before.”—*Washington Star*.

### The Cruelty of Imperialism

THE first thing one knows there is going to be a revolt against imperialism in Mexico. Ten thousand citizens of the City of Mexico were compelled by the authorities to take a bath the other day.—*Houston Daily Post*.

### EVERY YACHTSMAN

Knows that there is nothing quite so good as a glass of clear, sparkling Ale.

# Evans' Ale

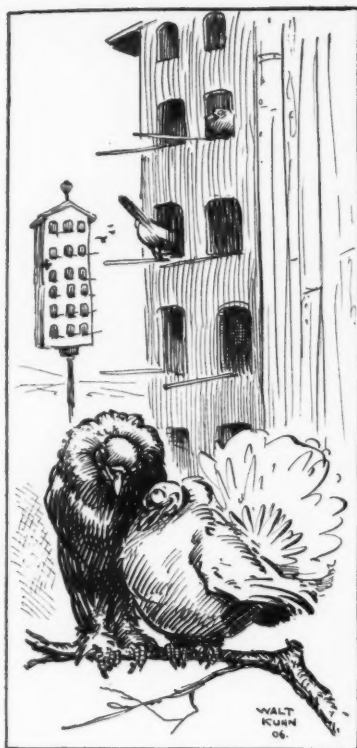
HAS NO SEDIMENT

Pours out bright and sparkling to the last drop.

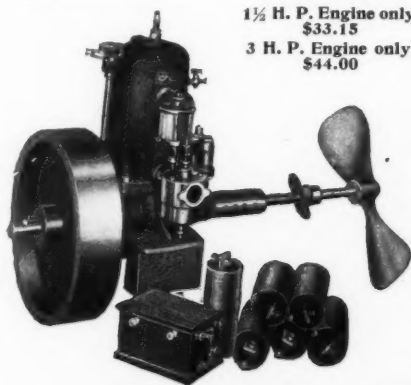
WHY DRINK THE MUDDY KIND?

[536]





YES, SWEETHEART, AND THEN YOU MUST LEAVE THIS STUFFY FLAT AND WE WILL TAKE A LITTLE COTTAGE.



1½ H. P. Engine only \$33.15  
3 H. P. Engine only, \$44.00

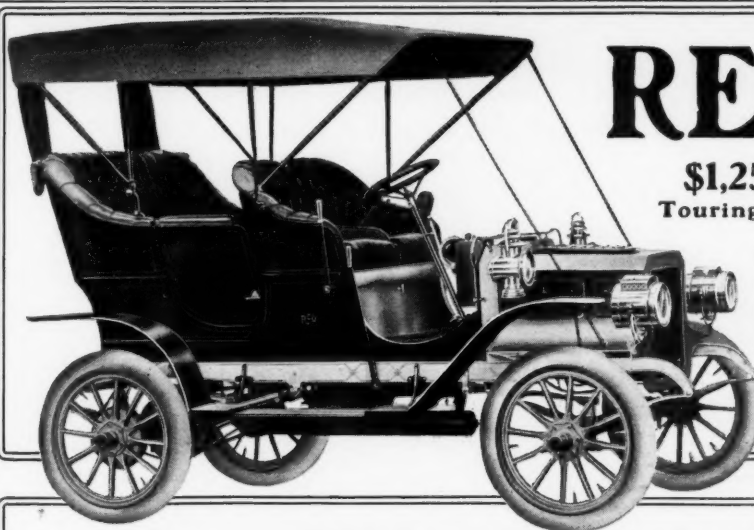
## DETROIT AUTO-MARINE NEW MODEL 1906

**THE SMOOTHEST THING THAT RUNS.**  
Noise, Friction and Uncertainty reduced to a minimum. The result of a high standard of manufacturing—which means every piece of metal tested, not by rule of thumb, but by scientific methods, on a testing machine built for that purpose.  
From foundry to user, the DETROIT AUTO-MARINE MOTOR passes in its various stages under one organization head.  
We are making 10,000 Auto-Marine Gasoline Engines this year, not merely assembling parts made in various factories.  
WE MANUFACTURE THE MOTOR COMPLETE AND GUARANTEE EVERY MOTOR WE MAKE.

Write for catalogue describing Auto-Marine Motors 1 to 20 H. P.  
1½ H. P. \$33.15 Engine Only  
3 H. P. will develop 4 H. P. \$44.00 Engine Only

DETROIT AUTO-MARINE CO.

47 E. CONGRESS ST., DETROIT, MICH.  
50 LIBERTY ST., NEW YORK THE BOURSE, PHILADELPHIA  
The only builders of Auto-Marine Engines in the world.



# REO

\$1,250

Touring-car

16 h.p., 1,600 lbs., 90-inch wheel-base, 5 passengers, side door detachable tonneau. Speed 35 miles per hour.

\$1,250 f. o. b. Factory

## Every REO Sells a REO

Wherever Reo cars appear they quickly form an endless chain of success—sales followed by splendid performance; followed in turn by splendid sales. An origin, a record and an appearance which sells the first car almost on sight; a consistent “making good” of every promise, which sells the others before they are seen.

“We have driven our REO five thousand miles, with a repair bill—excepting tires—of less than two dollars,” writes *W. R. Strait, Wolcott, N. Y.*

“It is the only car I ever saw that would take our highest hills without change of gear,” asserts *R. D. Clark, President Akron Savings Bank, Akron, Iowa.*

“Cannot see where two or three thousand dollars more can be added to the price of other makes,” declares *Arthur J. Lane, Grand Rapids, Mich.* “My car will go as far and as fast and use less fuel than any of them.”

“Near Cathedral Spires at the foot of Pikes Peak,” says *Albert J. Cole, of Denver, Colo.,* “our gradometer showed that our 16 h.-p. REO engine was driving a total weight of 2,725 lbs. up a grade of 18 to 20 per cent through three inches of red sand. Any one ever making this trip by machine, or otherwise, will verify what I say. It is remarkable what the REO can do as a hill-climber.”

These are only a few of the countless examples of the REO's thorough making good.

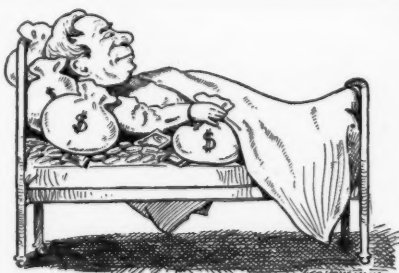
**REO Four-seat** Runabout, 8 h.-p.; 1,000 lbs.; 25 miles per hour; extra seat folds down when not in use. **\$675 f. o. b. Factory**

**REO-graph**, showing the inside of a typical motor in actual moving operation, sent to you for six cents in stamps addressed to Dept 35

Catalogue Free

**REO Motor Car Co.** SALES DEPARTMENT, LANSING, MICH.  
R. E. OLDS, President R. M. OWEN, Sales Manager

Agencies throughout the United States



RETIRING ON HIS MONEY

ONE PIECE QUALITY STAMPED ON BACK COLLAR BUTTON

**KREMENTZ**

The Unbreakable Collar Buttons that don't hurt the neck. Easy to button and unbutton; stay buttoned. Made in Gold and Rolled Plate. If damaged in any way, exchanged for new one at your jeweler's or haberdasher's. Booklet on request.

Krementz & Co., 60 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

· LIFE ·

# STUDEBAKER

"The Automobile with a Reputation Behind It."



Model G., Touring Car, 30-35 H. P., Price \$3700.

THE height of sane engineering skill is represented in the new Studebaker models. For high efficiency with low weight; for progressiveness tempered with common sense; for elegance combined with durability; for noiseless mechanism; for ease of control; for accessibility of vital parts—for "cars built for service," look to Studebaker.

## Three Gasoline Models

<b>Model E</b> , 20-24 H. P.	\$2600.
4-cylinder, storage battery, jump spark ignition.	
<b>Model F</b> , 28-32 H. P.	\$3000.
4-cylinder, storage battery, jump spark ignition.	
<b>Model G</b> , 30-35 H. P.	\$3700.
4-cylinder, Sims-Bosch low tension, magneto ignition.	

## Six Electric Models

<b>Model 22</b> , Runabout	\$1050.
<b>Model 24</b> , Stanhope	\$1200.
<b>Model 16</b> , Victoria-Phaeton	\$1750.
<b>Model 20</b> , Surrey	\$2800.
<b>Model 21</b> , Station Wagon	\$3500.
<b>Model 1012</b> , 14-Passenger Omnibus	\$2800.

Also five models of automobile trucks and delivery wagons.  
Complete catalogues on application.

## Studebaker Automobile Co.

South Bend, Ind.

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

## Studebaker Repositories.

NEW YORK CITY	Broadway and 48th Sts.	PORTLAND, ORE.	330-336 E. Morrison St.
CHICAGO, ILL.	378-388 Wabash Ave.	SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH	157-159 State St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	Cor. Market and 10th Sts.	DENVER, COLO.	Cor. Fifteenth and Blake Sts.
KANSAS CITY, MO.	13th and Hickory Sts.	DALLAS, TEX.	317-319 Elm St.

## Selling Agencies.

ALTOONA, PA., W. H. & L. C. WOLFE, 1011 Chestnut Ave.	CINCINNATI, OHIO, HANAUER AUTOMOBILE CO., 178 E. 7th St.
BOSTON, MASS., HARRY FOSDICK CO., 53-55 Stanhope St.	ERIE, PA., C. R. DENCH, ERIE FIREPROOF GARAGE, 12th & State Sts.
BUFFALO, N. Y., NATIONAL BATTERY CO.	PHILADELPHIA, PA., TITMAN, LEEDS & CO., 1227 Market St.
CLEVELAND, OHIO, CENTRAL AUTOMOBILE CO., 409 Erie St.	PITTSBURG, PA., BANKER BROS. CO., Baum and Beatty Sts.
LOS ANGELES, CAL., W. G. NEVIN, Hellman Bldg., Cor. 4th and Spring Sts.	
WASHINGTON, D. C., NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE CO., 1711-13 14th St., N. W.	

## Put On Your Clothes

THERE'S a truth I wish to declare,  
For I've noted how pretty your face is,  
You're an artist in doing your hair,  
And the line of your figure all grace is.  
But one thing you really should learn,  
It is vital, as you may suppose,  
For it's certain you never, at least hardly ever,  
Know just how to put on your clothes.

There are ladies away in the States,  
Across the blue-green of the ocean,  
They dress like the chic fashion plates,  
And arouse quite the deepest emotion.  
They may not be built on your plan,  
But each one of these ladies well knows  
That the way to be smart is to study the art  
Of wearing their beautiful clothes.

They are gowned in the very best style,  
There's a poem in each of their actions,  
They make (for, of course, it's worth while)  
The most of their special attractions.  
So, lady of Britain's dear shores—  
Whether Shamrock or Thistle or Rose—  
There is clearly a duty you owe to your beauty—  
Pray learn how to put on your clothes.

—London Globe.

WIGG: Do you believe that every man has his price?

WAGG: No. Lots of men give themselves away.—Philadelphia Record.

## DO YOU DRINK SCOTCH?



## SANDERSON'S "MOUNTAIN DEW" SCOTCH

Is a real Scotch.

MATINEE EVERY DAY AT 2 EVENINGS AT 8

## NEW YORK Hippodrome

THOMPSON & DUNDY

MOST EXTRAORDINARY PRODUCTION EVER STAGED

## A SOCIETY CIRCUS

WITH COURT OF THE GOLDEN FOUNTAINS

The Plunging Horses

and Sensational New Arenic Acts

WHY NOT GLIDE?  
IT'S THE BEST WAY TO GO



## Slide

High power.  
Strong, flexible construction.  
Speed to spare—they are hill-climbers.

"BUILT IN THE HILLS." Embody comfort, safety, elegance. Unquestioned performance guaranteed. Write for booklet and proposition to those who buy. Address

The Bartholomew Co., 310 Glide St., Peoria, Ill.

### The Greenhorn

EX-DELEGATE RODEY, of New Mexico, who has been in Washington this winter fighting for joint statehood, tells a story illustrative of the trite saying that circumstances alter cases. Some of the citizens of a certain South-western town, which was still in the class of frontier settlements, devised a new method of inducing "tenderfoot" visitors to furnish entertainment for the crowd. When the stranger arrived in town and began the making of acquaintances by conventional methods the ringleaders would present to him one of the natives, who was described as a marvellously accurate shot. To satisfy the curiosity and interest invariably manifested by the stranger the marksman would consent to give an exhibition of his skill after considerable urging on the part of his friends. Raising his six-shooter the celebrity would address the stranger: "Do you see that man smoking a cigar about two blocks down the street there? I'll hit the cigar without making the man bat an eye."

Bang! went the six-shooter, and back came the cry up the street:

"See, here, Bill, you have got to stop this thing. That's the fourth cigar you have spoiled for me to-day. I don't like it. Get somebody else to practise on."

The astonished stranger could always be depended on after such an exhibition "to set up" the marksman and his friends. One day there appeared a visitor less credulous than his predecessors. After the usual exhibition this stranger appeared scornful of the feat.

"That's nothing," he declared. "That does not prove you can shoot. I'll wager \$100 you can't hit a barn door at one hundred yards."

The marksman took him up, and followed by the crowd retired with him to the back of the store for the test. A shot was heard, and shortly afterward the alleged marksman came back looking very glum.

"What's the matter, Bill?" asked the man whose duties behind the counter had kept him from enjoying the tenderfoot's discomfiture.

"Matter!" growled Bill. "Matter enough. That greenhorn set the door up edgewise!"—*Washington Star*.

### Maid Marion

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS tells this story on himself: His friend, Mr. Marion Verdery, who is president of the Southern Society of New York, had asked him to speak at the annual dinner of the society, and Mr. Bangs had accepted. But on the evening of the dinner he was too ill to go out, so he telegraphed his apologies to Mr. Verdery at Delmonico's. Late that night Mr. Bangs' telephone rang. Mrs. Bangs went to the receiver and was told that a telegram had just been received for her husband. She asked to have it read off, but the lady at the other end refused, saying that the message was to be delivered to Mr. Bangs personally, and, though told of Mr. Bangs' illness, stuck to her decision. So the invalid put on a wrapper and struggled down to the receiver.

"In answer to your telegram to Delmonico's," said the astute hello-girl, "the clerk telegraphs back that there is no lady of that name in the house."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

[539]



## Avoid a Trip to the Police Court

The fine amounts to little—it's the hours of delay, the inconvenience and possible humiliation for you and for those in your company that try the patience and spoil the pleasure of the whole trip.

All this can positively be avoided by equipping your car with

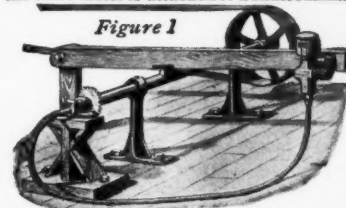
## The Warner Auto-Meter

(Registers Speed and Distance)

This little instrument always tells the truth. It registers with ABSOLUTE ACCURACY from  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile to 60 miles per hour. It attaches to any Automobile made.

One Warner Auto-Meter will last a lifetime. It is as sensitive as a Compass and as Solid as a Rock. Otherwise it couldn't stand our severe service-test, which is equivalent to a trip of

160,000 Miles at 50 Miles per Hour on Granite Pavements Riding Solid Tires. The practical Warner Testing Machine is shown in Fig. 1. The wheel connection of the Auto-Meter is attached to a shaft running



200 revolutions per minute. Across this shaft lies a plank which is hinged at one end and has the Auto-Meter attached to the other. Brazed to the shaft is a knob of steel, which at every revolution "bumps" the plank, giving to the Auto-Meter 200 shocks per minute while it is showing a speed of 50 miles per hour.

Each one of these shocks is more severe than would be suffered in an entire season's riding. After running 10 hours a day for THREE MONTHS, actual tests show the Auto-Meter to be recording the speed with the same accuracy as at first within 1-1000 of 1%, or less than 6 inches per mile.

No other Speed Indicator on Earth could Stand this Test.

This is why we sell each Auto-Meter on a 10 YEARS GUARANTEE

and why we gladly renew any Auto-Meter (which has not been injured by accident) if the Magnet (the HEART of the instrument) is less accurate than 1-10 of 1% after 10 years use.

We will gladly tell you more about this wonderful instrument if you will write us. If you write TODAY we will send you something every motorist will prize—our Free Book—"Auto Pointers."

The Warner Instrument Co., 134 Roosevelt St., Beloit, Wis.

(The Auto-Meter is on sale by all first-class dealers and at most Garages.)



## RIDE FAWKES TIRES 10 DAYS FREE

It's the only automobile tire made that's sold under a positive, iron-clad, whole-souled guarantee—to make good, or your money back. That's meant just as it reads. No quibbling, just the money.

We manufacture the Fawkes. We sell it direct to the man who uses it. At the manufacturer's price, too.

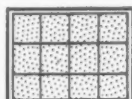
The Fawkes can't puncture, can't explode, can't come off—it will wear as long as your machine.

We send it on a 10 day free trial. Send for the Fawkes book which explains it all.

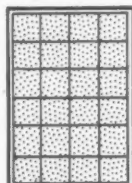
Milwaukee Rubber Works Co. 39 MacMillan Ave. Cudahy, Wis.



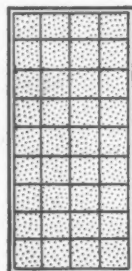
# The BAKER Electric Stanhope



THE  
BATTERY  
USED IN  
A BAKER  
STANHOPE



SOME MAKES  
REQUIRE  
BATTERIES  
OF  
TWENTY-FOUR  
CELLS



AND  
THIRTY-SIX  
CELLS  
OF  
BATTERY  
ARE  
NECESSARY  
TO  
OPERATE  
OTHERS

is equipped with a battery of twelve cells, which furnishes power sufficient to drive it at a speed of fifteen miles per hour, and to climb any hills.

The **ELECTRIC** is essentially an automobile for city use, and in compliance with city laws you can't use more speed than this.

Why, then, do you not buy the car which will furnish you all the speed you can use and all the mileage you ever want for city driving with the least possible battery equipment required for the service to be rendered?

Remember that a battery of twenty-four or more cells weighs proportionately more than one of twelve; costs more for current, more for maintenance, and more for eventual replacement, yet gives no better service.

**BAKER CONSTRUCTION**, with ball-bearings on all revolving parts, with perfect workmanship and the choicest materials, ensures **BAKER ELECTRIC** owners better, longer and more efficient service at far less cost than can be secured in other automobiles.

Write for Catalogue describing these "**ARISTOCRATS of MOTORDOM.**"

**THE BAKER  
MOTOR VEHICLE  
CO.**

10 Jessie Street  
CLEVELAND, OHIO



# JOHN JAMESON



**THREE STAR  
★★★  
WHISKEY**

Bottled only under this  
label. Its higher price  
is your protection.

## HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

**For All Ages**

7th—"Last scene that ends this eventful history."

Is a boon to the aged, the infant, and the invalid. A delicious, invigorating food-drink, nutritious and easily digested, that agrees with the weakest stomach. More wholesome than tea, coffee or cocoa. It not only stimulates, but also strengthens and invigorates.

Pure, rich milk, combined with the nutritive elements of carefully selected malted grains.

In powder form; it makes a delicious table drink in a moment by simply stirring in water. The Lunch Tablets are a convenient, quick lunch for busy people, and a pleasant, wholesome confection for children.

At all druggists. Sample, vest pocket lunch case, also booklet, giving valuable recipes, sent free if mentioned.

ASK FOR HORLICK'S;  
others are imitations.

**Horlick's Malted Milk Co.,**  
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.  
London, England. Montreal, Canada.

"The Salt of Kings  
The King of Salts"

The fact that it doesn't absorb moisture and "cake" is one of the minor claims for

## CEREBOS

### TABLE SALT

It restores to the food those natural phosphates lost in the manufacture of white flour and boiled or cooked out of vegetables and meats.

Sold by all good groceries.  
Write to 50 Ferry Street, New York,  
for a sample tin.

## The Niagara Recessional

**G**OD of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord Who hast given us dower divine—  
The richness of the harvest gold,  
The strength of crested hills of pine—  
Lord of the Waves be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

The tumult of the waters dies,  
The glories of the scene depart;  
We sell with eager sacrifice  
Our country's beauty in the mart.  
The barter's not completed yet—  
May we regret, may we regret!

Unmourned the splendor fades away,  
A bargain for the alien's hire;  
The nation's pride of yesterday  
Is flickering like a dying fire.  
Judge of the Nations, may we see  
The loveliness we hold in fee!

If, drunk with sight of *Power*, we use  
The mighty stream, once held in awe,  
And boast of every mean abuse  
By which we sell within the Law—  
Lord Who that majesty decreed  
Give us to know our sordid greed!

The heathen heart once put her trust  
In Spirit of the thund'rous wave,  
But we have bowed us in the dust  
And called on Mammon's power to save.  
For thankless heart and faithless word,  
Thy mercy on this people, Lord.  
—J. G., in *Toronto Saturday Night*.

## From Headquarters

**A**T AN unexpected interruption in an after-dinner speech Senator Hale smiled.

"These words," he said, "surprise and confuse me. They come with a shock. They come with a shock like that which a young girl of Lode received one night.

"This young girl sat in her bedroom with a novel. Her hair was down and her feet were in red slippers. Now and then, extending her white arms, she yawned.

"You see, it was very late, and downstairs in the parlor her older sister was entertaining a young man. She naturally felt a deep interest in the entertainment. She was waiting to hear how it would terminate.

"And at last there was a sound in the hall, a crash as of a closing door, and it was plain to the impatient girl that the young man had gone.

"She threw down her novel, and, running forth, peered over the balustrade down into the hall's intense blackness.

"Well, Maude," she said, "did you land him?"

"There was no immediate reply to her question. There was a silence, a peculiar silence, a silence with a certain strained quality in it. Then a masculine voice replied:

"She did."—*New York Tribune*.

## Doubtful

**"M**Y SON is taking algebra under you this term, is he not?" remarked the fond father to the new Boston High School teacher.

"Well," answered the pedagogue, "your son has been 'exposed' to algebra, but I doubt if he will take it."—*New York Tribune*.

The perfect cracker  
for the  
perfect  
dinner

**Boss' Medium Hard Water Cracker**

at Park & Tilford's  
Acker, Merrill & Condit Co's  
and all leading grocers



Mr. Spider: THEY MAKE ME TIRED, THESE HUMANS! WE HAD SUSPENSION BRIDGES AND SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF AERIAL NAVIGATION THOUSANDS OF CENTURIES AGO.

### Fame

TWO Americans who were traveling in England made a devout pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, and spent several days wandering about the neighborhood. One day they met a countryman, and, pausing, one of the pilgrims said:

"My friend, I envy you your life here amid the fields that knew the Great Poet's youth. What sublime thoughts must come to you as you tread the paths his feet trod!"

The rustic simply stared, and the American demanded if he knew of whom he was speaking, receiving a prompt negative.

"Why, of Shakespeare, man. You *must* know of him!" the pilgrim explained, stricken with horror.

After some coaxing the man finally admitted that he *had* heard of Shakespeare, and believed that he had "wrote for summat."

"And have you any idea for *what* he wrote—was it the *Times*?" the American inquired with infinite sarcasm.

"Oh, it warn't the Lunnon paper," the man said. "I know it was summat solemn like. I think it was the Bible, belike."—*Harper's Weekly*.

A MAN may have heart enough to love two women at the same time, but he certainly ought to have too much brains to try it.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

# Wayne

Did you ever drive a car and wish you had  
"just a little more power?"

Get a Wayne Model F (shown below) and you'll realize what it means to have **all** the power you want and **more too**. The motor is a 4 cylinder vertical  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ . The engine develops full 50 h.p. and **all** this power is carried to the rear wheels on a ball bearing transmission system which **annihilates friction**.

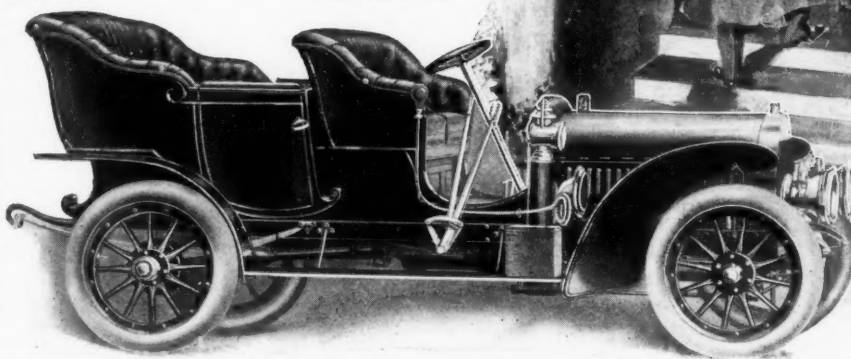
Get our nearest agent to give you a ride in Model F and you'll know what motor flexibility means. Seats seven persons comfortably. Price, \$3,500.

**We make a car to suit every purchaser at a price to suit every purse**

Model K.	Five passenger touring car, 35 H.P.	\$2,500
Model B.	Five passenger touring car, 24-28 H.P.	2,000
Model C.	Five passenger 2 cylinder opposed, 20 H.P.	1,250
Model G.	Tonneau car, 14 H.P. engine under hood	1,000
Model H.	Two passenger runabout, 14 H.P.	800

Let us send you catalog and full particulars about any of these cars

**WAYNE AUTOMOBILE COMPANY**  
DEPT. E. DETROIT, MICH.



*An invaluable adjunct  
to every sideboard*

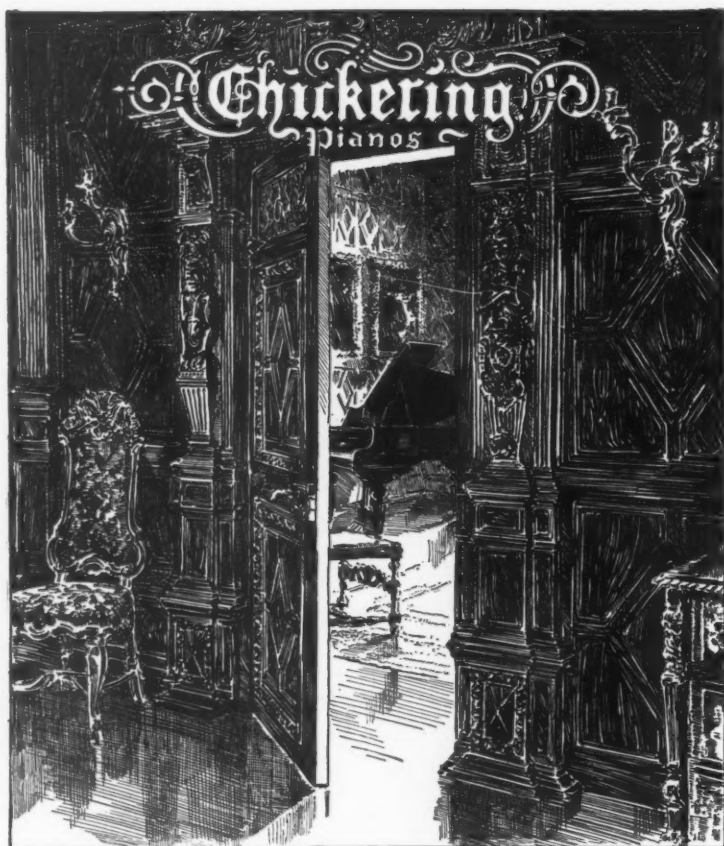


**"THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"**

## Garrick Club

**Rye Whiskey**

*Alfred E. Norris & Co., Proprietors, Philadelphia*



### CONCERNING THE "QUARTER (¼) GRAND"

**I**TS Tone Quality is superior to that of an Upright. It occupies practically no more space than an Upright. It costs no more than the large Upright. It weighs less than the larger Uprights. It is a more artistic piece of furniture than an Upright. It has all the desirable qualities of the larger Grand Pianos. It can be moved through stairways and spaces smaller than will admit even the small Uprights.

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Established  
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Apply to any agent of the company

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**"I would like a Residence Telephone but it costs too much."**

**Is not \$3.75 a month, a reasonable charge? We furnish residence service in Manhattan at that rate.**

New York Telephone Co., 15 Dey St.

### Astonished the Woodchuck

**A** PET prairie dog named Napoleon is described by a writer in *St. Nicholas* as performing an impromptu circus stunt.

A woodchuck, recently caught, had been brought into the sitting-room, where it had retreated into the unused fireplace, glaring furiously at every one who approached, and keeping its mouth wide open, except when from time to time it would close it with a fearful snap, loudly grinding its teeth together in the way peculiar to woodchucks.

At this inauspicious moment Napoleon was brought into the room and set down upon the floor. As the woodchuck was three times the size of the prairie dog, Napoleon's young mistress was for snatching him from those literal jaws of death, but the rest of the family said:

"Let them be. We can interfere in time."

This seemed by no means certain when Napoleon, inspired by deep interest, approached the woodchuck, which forthwith opened its mouth to an even wider extent, as if to bite the dog's head off.

The undaunted Napoleon seemed to regard this as an unexpected opportunity to add to his knowledge, for he at once proceeded to examine the woodchuck's wide open mouth, thrusting his whole muzzle inside it, and then actually putting out his little pink tongue and sampling the roof of it. As for the woodchuck, it seemed to be paralyzed with amazement. It did not relax a muscle, but sat immovable, with mouth wide open, as it had done when Napoleon first approached.

The latter made a long and leisurely inspection, first of the inside and then of the outside of the woodchuck's mouth, and at last trotted calmly away again, leaving the poor nonplussed animal sitting in the fireplace as before.

### His Honeymoon Feeling

**"J**EDGE," said the old colored citizen, "how much fer a license ter git married?"

"Want it for yourself?"

"Yes, suh. You see, I gittin' mighty old now."

"That's evident. Then, why do you wish to marry?"

"Well, Jedge, ter tell de truth, somebody gimme a long coat, a linen collar en a walkin' cane, en I knows a 'oman what says she kin make a livin' fer me, en I feels des lak' a honeymoon!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

### A Warning

**"S**EE here!" said the theatrical manager, "you want to quit your overbearing behavior towards the other members of this company—"

"Indeed?" replied the thespian, haughtily; "I am the star, am I not?"

"Well, yes, but you want to remember that you're not a fixed star."—*Philadelphia Press*.

### A Real Dilemma

**"J**-J-JOHN!" quavered the young wife.

"What is it?"

"The cook says she won't stay any longer."

"Well, tell her to go."

"I d-d-did, but she says she won't g-g-go."—*Pittsburgh Post*.



**Cailler's**  
GENUINE  
SWISS MILK  
CHOCOLATE

**FREE**

**For Your Address**

A cake of Cailler's Genuine Swiss Milk Chocolate will be sent free for your name and address on a postal.

We want you to know the genuine "Cailler taste"—and the sample cake of this most delicious of all milk chocolates will prove its superior qualities without cost to you. No other chocolate will satisfy you once you have tasted Cailler's.

A half-pound cake will be sent free, postpaid, for 100 tissue wrappers from Cailler's Chocolate.

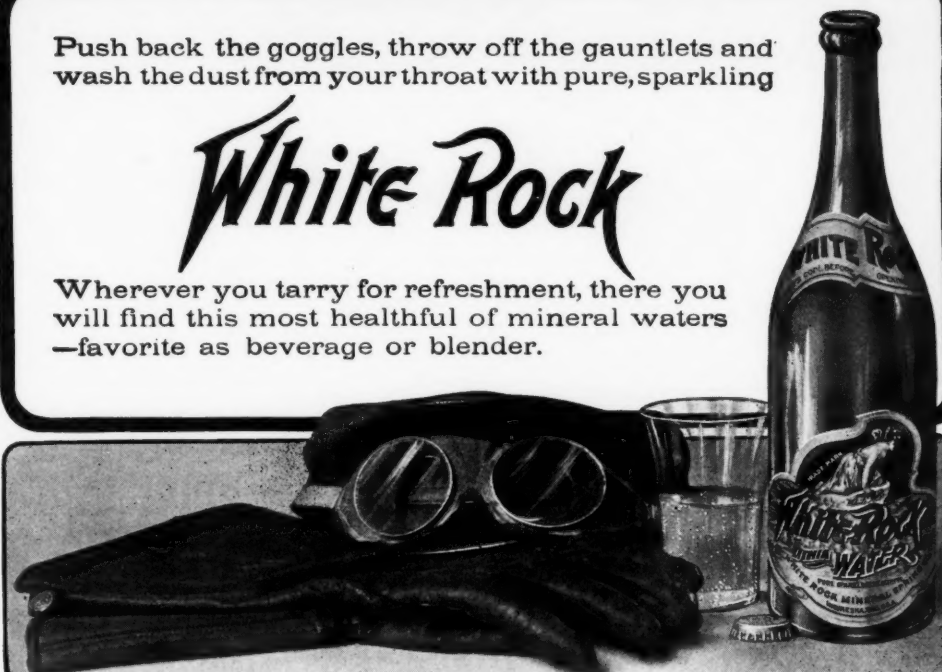
Write to-day for free cake of Cailler's to

**J. H. FREYMANN**  
Gen'l Agent for U. S., 861 Broadway, N. Y.

Push back the goggles, throw off the gauntlets and wash the dust from your throat with pure, sparkling

**White Rock**

Wherever you tarry for refreshment, there you will find this most healthful of mineral waters—favorite as beverage or blender.



**An Insinuation**

"WHICH is the first and most important sacrament?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a girl preparing for confirmation. "Marriage," was the prompt response. "No, baptism is the first and most important sacrament," the teacher corrected. "Not in our family," said the pupil, haughtily; "we are respectable."—*The Argonaut*.

**Invariably**

**TOMMY:** Pa, what is a superstition?  
**PA:** Another man's.—*New York Sun*.


**He Wasn't Certain**

**A**T FORTRESS MONROE, VA., one day about a year ago a man, accompanied by two ladies, approached a soldier who, with a gun on his shoulder, was pacing to and fro near the

entrance. The warrior's appearance indicated that he was new to the service.

"Can you tell us," asked one of the visitors, addressing the recruit, "where Jeff Davis was imprisoned here?"

"Yonder's the ga-a-ar-rd house," he replied, jerking a thumb over his shoulder, "but I dunno whether they've still got him shut up or not."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.




**Reuter's Soap**

Many ladies use Reuter's Soap as a sachet, placing a cake of it among their clothes. Pretty good indorsement?

Send a two cent stamp for a trial cake  
BARCLAY & COMPANY  
44 Stone St., New York

**CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR**



**A Triumph in Sugar Making!**

**Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!**

IMAGINATION COULD NOT CONCEIVE OF A HANDIER AND PRETTIER FORM THAN IS PRESENTED IN "CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR." NEITHER COULD THE MOST PARTICULAR PEOPLE ASK FOR MORE PERFECT PURITY OR ECONOMICAL PEOPLE FOR LESS WASTE.

**HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD. — BEST SUGAR FOR TEA AND COFFEE.**

**By grocers everywhere.**

# Williams' Shaving Stick

In using Williams' Shaving Stick slide the band up to within one-half inch of the top of the stick. Press your thumb or finger firmly against the band and tear the foil off close to the upper edge of the band. As the stick is used, slide the band down and tear off more foil. Do not, under any circumstances, remove all the foil from the shaving stick at once. This is a mistake that some men make.

**N**O matter how good the razor, it cannot do good work without the right soap. The best soap will not make up for a dull razor, but on the other hand, the best razor fails with an inferior soap. The creamy, emollient lather of Williams' Shaving Soap softens the beard and at the same time preserves the edge of the razor and makes quick, easy work.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Williams' Luxury Shaving Soap, trial size. (Enough for 50 shaves.)

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY

Dept. A. GLASTONBURY, CONN.  
London Paris Berlin Sydney

Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap is as good and pure as Williams' Shaving Soap. Can anything more be required in a toilet soap? Suppose you buy a cake and let your wife see how delightful it is.



The Best Thing in the Nursery  
Except the Baby!

## Pond's Extract Soap

Combines the cleansing properties of a toilet soap of superlative merit with the stimulating and healing influence of Pond's Extract.

There is no age-limit to the delightful influence of Pond's Extract Soap. Take it through life with you.

Begin its use today. Order from your druggist.

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THE IMPROVED

## BOSTON GARTER

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES  
and Insist on Having the Genuine

The Name is  
stamped on every  
loop—  
The

*Velvet Grip*  
CUSHION  
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Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.  
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers  
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.  
**ALWAYS EASY**

ANDREW USHER & Co's

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"SPECIAL RESERVE O.V.G."

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"OLD VATTED GLENLIVET"

(A BLEND OF OLD GLENLIVET AND OTHER WHISKIES.)

SCOTCH WHISKIES.

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LIFE

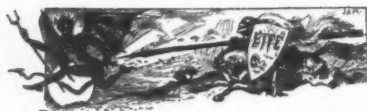


MAY 1906

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HENRY M. WIT





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVII. MAY 3, 1906. No. 1227.  
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THE anxious helplessness long drawn out with which we in the East had to sit by, hour after hour, while fire burned up what the earthquake had left of San Francisco, recalled a little the long, uneasy days when restless crowds read bulletins that gave the latest statement of the doctors about President McKinley. Rare is the calamitous visitation that runs into its second day unchecked, and through that second day goes raging on in uncontrollable destructiveness into a third and fourth. The San Francisco that has been so very nearly obliterated was a most interesting and individual city, touched with romance from its birth and quickened in thought and impulse, and differentiated in character, by its distance from the other American towns that were considerable enough to influence it. Physically, it is now pretty much gone. Its buildings are in heaps that are still smoking; its visible property has vanished; it is hardly more than the site of a city that was.

What remains of the spirit of it we shall see, and in what sort of a habitation that spirit will venture to reincarnate itself on the shaky borders of the Golden Gate. We know the spirit is a big spirit and strong. We know, too, what lavish resources of sympathy and ready help it can command, and we are sure that in the succor and restoration that has already begun there will be some great and moving compensations for the ruin that has befallen.

An enormous calamity! Not in our country before has there been the like of it. San Francisco almost wiped out, scores of smaller towns severely battered, the buildings of Stanford University sorely shaken, hundreds dead

and thousands hurt, people homeless by the hundred thousand, property destroyed by the hundred million dollars' worth—an appalling situation, and not less appealing than appalling! The appeal comes to a treasure-house bursting with all the means of help. Long before these lines can reach the reader's eye the first aid to the injured will have progressed into a systematic administration of temporary relief. Our distressed brethren will help themselves and we shall help them to do it. Three thousand miles away becomes next door, and countrymen neighbors, and neighbors brethren, when sudden calamity makes visible how near in heart we are to one another.



IT WAS noticeable that most of the scientific gentlemen who were first consulted about the causes of the California earthquake were very chary about associating it in any way with the recent activities of Vesuvius. One or two of them presently said that there was great activity among the spots on the sun, and that when the sun's spots are exceptionally frolicsome, things out of common in the earthquake and volcano line are apt to happen on the earth. We thank these learned gentlemen for that concession, which is more than most of their comrades have made. When in one week the lid blows off Vesuvius and the next week California is shaken to her knees it is easier to believe the meteorologists have slipped a cog somewhere in their estimates than that two such demonstrations of colic in the venerable earth are a mere coincidence. It is not necessary to insist that the same bottle of Peruna that had such a bad effect on Vesuvius shook down San Francisco a week later, but surely we laymen may be indulged in the conviction that there was association of some sort between the two disturbances.



NO DOUBT there are those who will believe that it was the prevalence of earthquake weather that in one week prompted the revolt of the Zionites against Elijah Dowie, and brought him raging and eruptive from New Orleans to

Chicago, while Vesuvius was at its worst, and that four days later caused President Roosevelt to advocate raking some of the muck out of our overswollen millionaires. But so far, at least, as concerns President Roosevelt's views, there seems to be no fair ground to associate them with seismic disturbances, because, theoretically, they are perfectly natural and reasonable ideas, and such as every thoughtful person must have had in the back of his head this long time. As has already been observed in this paper, it is theoretically practicable and not unjust to abate excessive fortunes by income taxes and death duties at any time when it seems to be expedient, but for our part we would far rather see the afflicted alleviate their pecuniary dropsies by treatment of their own devising than compel it to be done by legislation. It is hard to think of an example of individualism that would be more welcome and more useful than a dangerously rich American making a sustained and earnest effort to reduce the perilous excess of his belongings.



A DECISION of the Supreme Court, handed down on April 16, is of considerable interest to marriers. John married Harriet in New York in 1868 and divorced her in Connecticut in 1881, and was married in Connecticut in 1882 to another woman. The Supreme Court of New York decided that John's divorce and second marriage were not good because Harriet was not in the jurisdiction of Connecticut. The United States Supreme Court, on appeal, has sustained this decision by a vote of five to four.

Divorced and remarried persons, who find, on consulting a lawyer, that their standing as valid spouses is prejudiced by this decision, will be in a position to sympathize with the Russian lady whose association with Mr. Maxim Gorky was recently so much discussed. It is averred that case that divorce is so excessively difficult and expensive in Russia that it is common for Russians to remarry as much as they can without a divorce, and that such relations as that of Mr. Gorky and the patriot lady are recognized as virtual marriages and respected accordingly.



BRITISH PROGRESS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

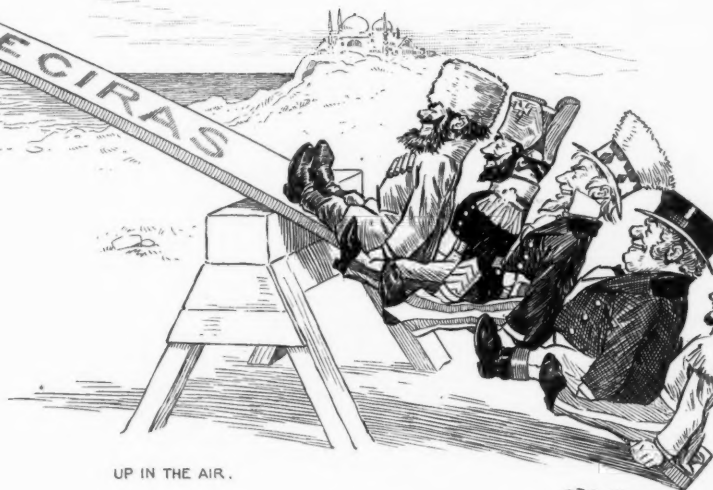
APRIL



HOME AGAIN.



A SMACK FOR ANDY.



UP IN THE AIR.

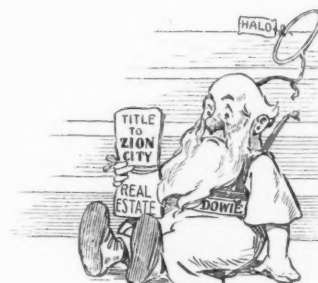
F.T. RICHARDS



ENGLISH SMOKING CAR FOR LADIES.



A SPRING BLOSSOM



DOWN AND OUT.

# • LIFE •

## Julius Seizer

A Shakespearean Tragedy with American Lines

BY WALLACE IRWIN

### Cast of Characters

JULIUS SEIZER ROOSEVELT.	
BAILYCUS,	} Senators.
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEWCUS,	
ALDRICA,	
METELLIUS SPOONER,	
TOMMIUS PLATTUS,	
CASSIUS CANNON,	} Conspirators against Seizer.
BRUTUS TILLMANIUS,	
HENRICUS WATTERSONIUS, a Teacher of Rhetoric.	
WILLIO HEARSTUS,	} Tribunes.
BRYANITIS,	
GROVER CLEVELANDUS,	} Imperial Heavy Dragoons.
BILLIO TAFT,	
MAGOONUS,	
MARC ANTHONY LOEB, a Funeral Director.	
FAIRBANKUS, a Refrigerator.	
Trusts, Rebates, Reformers, Commoners, etc.	

### ACT I

(The White House. Certain Commoners are dancing on the village green. Enter HEARSTUS and BRYANITIS.)

HEARST.: Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:

Is this a comic section that you dance

In misfit clothes with-

out the union label

To indicate your

jobs? What trade

art thou?

1ST COMM.: Please, sir, I am a grafter.

BRYAN.: Where is thy rebate, then, and railroad pass?

You, sir, what trade art thou?

2D COMM.: Truly, sir, before I became a lobbyist I was a cobbler. I have but recently traded the awl for the haul. Later I exchanged the awl for the oil and took orders from Uncle John.

BRYAN.: By gum, by Styx, bi-metallism, man!

You call yourself a Commoner—O, fudge!

Why stand you here with fingers manicured,

Your shirt-studs flashing phoney-looking stones?

1ST COMM.: Most noble sir, we linger here to see

J. Seizer Roosevelt ride the elephant.

HEARST.: You blocks, you dubs, you Philadelphia gas

Whom oft in idiotorials I've told

To vote for Me and Happy Hooligan,

The Katzenjammer Twins and Maud, the Mule,

Why have ye went and gone and done this thing?

BRYAN.: Key down, Bill, please—here comes our Unkular Unk. (Exeunt.)

(Thunder and lightning—enter BRUTUS TILLMANIUS and CASSIUS CANNON.)

CANN.: Say, Brutus, may I call you Brute, for short?

Come, drop that pitchfork—what's the matter, Ben?

Insulting of the President again?

TILL.: O, for the club of Hercules to crack

That haughty Ted in his vainglorious teeth!

Or might some Titan lend me his Big Stick—(Applause without)

CANN.: What means this shouting? I do fear the people

Choose Teddy for their king.

TILL.: If this keeps up

I must revive the Minor Morris scandal.

(Salvo without, "Nobody Works in Panama." Enter SEIZER ROOSEVELT, followed by MARC ANTHONY LOEB, GROVER CLEVELANDUS, BILLIO TAFT, CHAUNCEY M. DEPEWCUS and other Senators.)

But, look you, Cassius,

The angry Seizer seems to show his grin!

SEIZER: Let me have men about me that are fat (pointing to

TAFT),

Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.

Yond Cannon hath a lean and hungry look;

He works too hard; such men are dangerous.

LOEB: Keep cool, Imperial Seizer—he's quite tame.

Look how his toga bags across the knees;

Behold! the bunch of broomstraws on his chin

Proclaims his simple, cornfed origin.

SEIZ.: Cornfed, perhaps; but simple, I don't think!

Come, Conscript Fathers, join me in a drink.

DEPEWCUS: Here is a joke I've often used before:

He drinks hot Scotch who drinks with Theodore. (Applause.)

(Senators stampede after SEIZER, leaving WATTERSONIUS and TILLMANIUS together. Thunder and lightning.)

WATT.: Gad, seh! that Seizer seizes every-

thing—

Canals, the Constitution, treaty-rights—

TILL.: Dog-pasted, gorgon-headed Grand

Mogul,

Spectacled chum of Booker Washington,

Gish-whanged, gr-r-r-oo, wind-streuous

bow-wow!!

WATT.: Gad, seh! those expletives out-

match my own—

I'll put 'em in the *Courier-Journal*.

TILL.: Nit!

Those copyrighted cuss-words shall be used

To-morrow in my speech before the Senate.

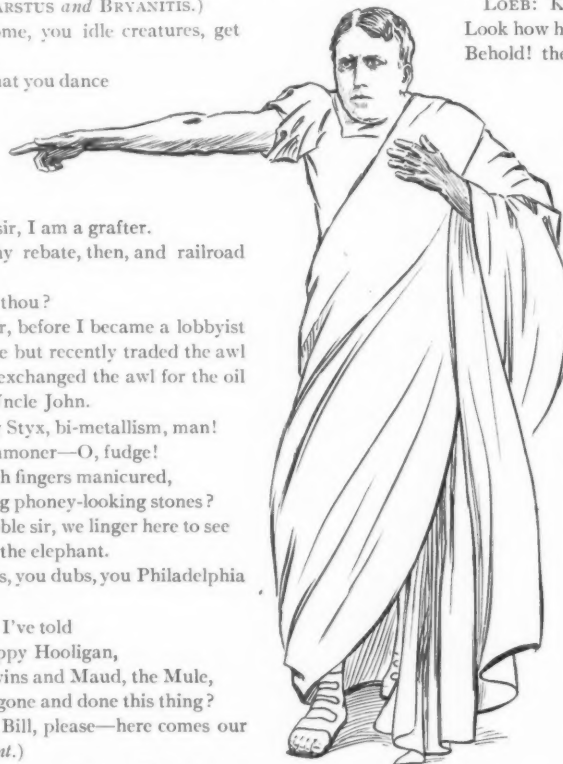
(Enter CASSIUS CANNON with BAILYCUS.

Sneaky music.)

WATT.: Hist, friend! I think I hear

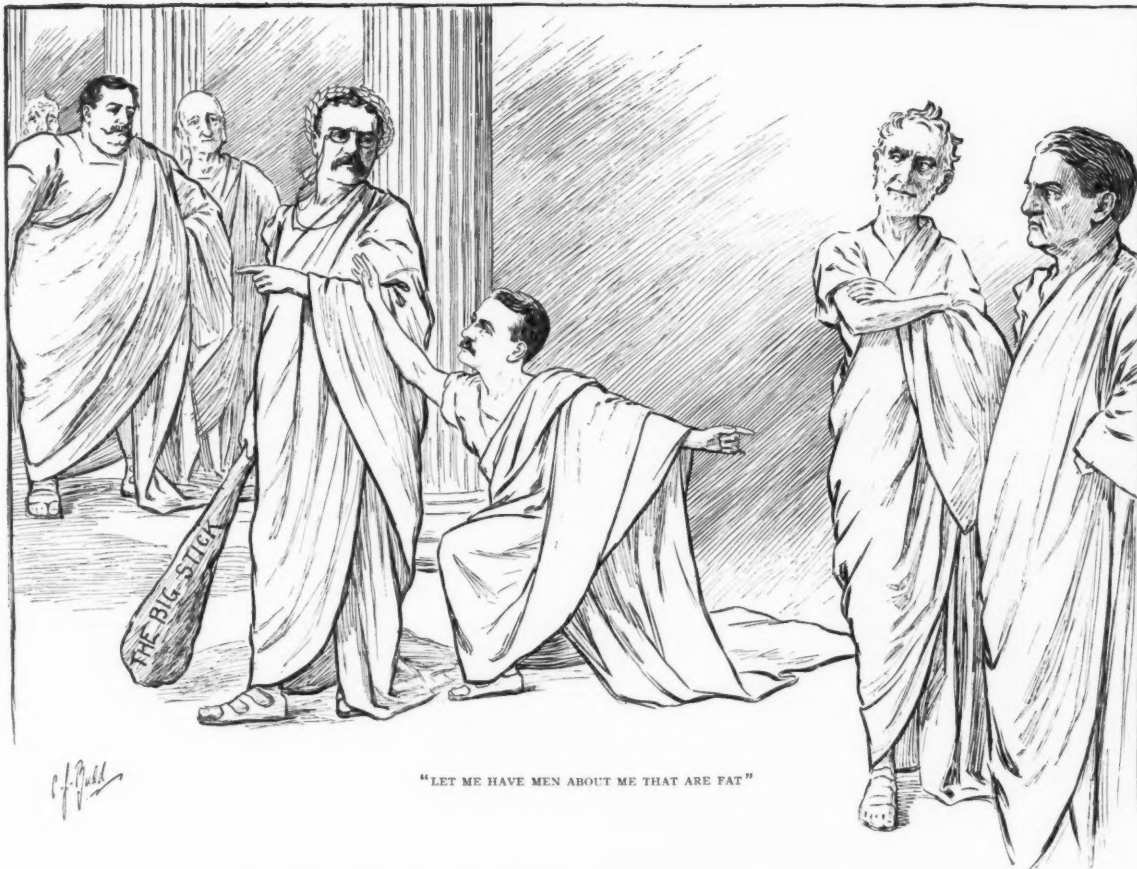
The soft stand-patter of Jo Cannon's feet.

How now, Republican! Why limpst thou so?



"YOU BLOCKS, YOU DUBS, YOU PHILADELPHIA GAS WHOM OFT IN IDIOTORIALS I'VE TOLD TO VOTE FOR ME AND HAPPY HOOLIGAN!"





C. J. F.

"LET ME HAVE MEN ABOUT ME THAT ARE FAT"



"I WOULD PRESENT THE CHINESE LAUNDRY BILL"

CANN.: These shoes, the gift of my constituents  
In South Carolina, pinch across the instep.  
This shirt (a Christmas present) doesn't wash

So very well. 'Tis shrunk around the armholes.

TILL.: Thou shouldst not look a gift-shirt in the mouth.

CANN.: Now to our plot, which is politically  
To stab Imperial Seizer in the neck.

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods.

I hate a messy job. Let's leave him looking

Quite neat and statesmanlike, and not as if

He'd just been chewed by Colorado wildcats.

BAILY.: Aha, say I! let's gag His Royal Teds

E'en as we gagged his San Domingo treaty!

CANN.: E'en as the Senate strangles any law  
Not paid for by the Trusts.

TILL.: Jigger! here comes a cop! (*They disperse.*)

## ACT II

(*Executive offices, White House. Enter SEIZER, followed by BAILY-CUS, ALDRICA, CHAUNCEY DEPEWCUS, CANNON, TILLMANIUS, WATTERSONIUS, HEARSTUS, BRYANITIS, etc.*)

SEIZER: Now to our muttons—or, to be exact,  
The Beef Trust.

BAIL.: O, Imperial Teds, permit  
Me to present this bill—a bill to regulate  
The sale of gooseberries in Madagascar.

(*Enter REPORTER.*)

REP.: Where is my boss, great Hearstus?

HEARST.: Here I am.

Please send the news to all my papers quick,  
And say that Seizer has been (almost) killed.

REP.: But Seizer hath not yet been (almost) killed.

HEARST.: You inexperienced cub! say, don't you know  
That Hearstus' papers always get the news  
Four hours before it happens? (*Exit REPORTER.*)

SEIZER: Ah, dec-lighted!

(*Enter TAFT, disguised as Chinese laundryman.*)

TAFT: Founder of six republics, hail, all hail!

Before our boycott follows from Shanghai  
I would present the Chinese Laundry Bill.

CANN.: A bill to raise the tariff on fried eggs. (*Presents paper.*)

TILL.: A bill to dam the Panama Canal. (*Presents paper.*)

SEIZ.: Hold on, sweet statesmen; since ye have not passed

My Ready Rule for Regulating Rates—

ALL: O, Seizer!

SEIZER: Hence! wilt ye lift up Olympus?

CANN.: Take that! (*Stabs SEIZER with a hickory stick.*)

DEPEWCUS: And that! (*Stabs him with a very dull pun.*)

FAIRBANKUS: And that! (*Stabs him with an icicle.*)

SEIZ.: *Et tu, Fairbanks! Where's my square deal? (He dies politically.)*

### ACT III

(*A camp in Panama. BRUTUS TILLMANIUS and CASSIUS CANNON are in a tent playing pinochle.*)

CANN.: Hark, hark! what is that jar which shakes the earth?

TILL.: 'Tis William Taft who's had a falling out

With certain engineers.

CANN.: When Taft falls out

Of anything there's apt to be an earthquake.

TILL.: As Shakespeare says, you have an itching palm.

CANN.: He's wrong again. I have an itching back—

When kind constituents send undershirts

I wish they wouldn't send the hair-cloth kind.

(*Spirit-rappings. Enter SEIZER'S GHOST.*)

Hello! Great Seizer's Ghost—I recognize

Those spectacles which glare like window-panes

Above piano-keys. Them teeth, them teeth!

TILL.: Tush, tush! Perhaps the weakness of our eyes

Doth form this monstrous apparition.

CANN.: Speak to me, what art thou?

GHOST: Thy evil spirit, Joseph!

CANN.: Why comest thou?

GHOST: To say that thou shalt see me again in the Philippines.

(*GHOST vanishes, kicking over stove as he goes.*)

TILL.: O, darn the luck! I thought that Teddy was politically dead.

CANN.: I ruther think



"ENTER SEIZER'S GHOST"

That he'd bob up and seize another term.

When Fairbanks hears of this he'll be so mad

'Twill almost melt the glacier on his spine.

TILL.: The wolves will howl in Washington once more—

Hammers and hatchets can't kill Theodore!

(*BRUTUS and CASSIUS swallow a Joint Statehood Bill and commit political suicide. Enter SEIZER'S GHOST, followed by Rough Riders, Grizzly Bears, Colored Troopers and other stage properties.*)

### As Advertised



BILL for the regulation of outdoor advertisements has languished for a year in the English House of Lords, and is likely to perish for lack of light and air. It is every bit as hard in England as in the United States to fight monied interests with that feeble weapon, public sentiment; and as long as it pays to placard the country with miles of hideous boarding so long will the weary traveler be forced to gaze upon these distressful signs. That it should pay is one of the miracles of trade which the uninitiated fail to understand. It can be explained only on the impossible theory that there are people who accept a manufacturer's

statement as testimony to the value of his wares.

The journey from New York to Philadelphia is now enlivened by an unbroken succession of advertisements. We gaze languidly out of one window, and are bidden to eat twenty-seven kinds of pickles; shuddering, we turn to another, and find a counteracting influence in drugs of fell purpose, but with ornate names designed to give them a patent of gentility. Lozenges and liniments are pressed upon us for miles at a time; malted beverages contend with hooks and eyes for our regard; and of hygienic substitutes for food there are enough to secure the slow starvation of the world.

Debauching nature on such a colossal scale must be an expensive process. It

costs a good deal to convert happy homes and self-respecting turnip fields into mediums of advertisements. How many liver pills must be consumed—hideous thought!—before the original outlay is returned? New Jersey scenery is not nature's great masterpiece, but its modest merits hardly deserve the cruel treatment it has received. As for the insufferable fatigue of staring at continuous miles of advertisements, it is something akin to torture. That it should incite in the jaded traveler's soul a desire to eat and drink and wear the things advertised seems beyond belief, but man is a docile creature. Tell him for two hours to buy a thing, and he feels he cannot in courtesy refuse.

Agnes Repplier.



[The editor is forced to omit many letters for reason of their length or because their arguments have already been presented. It is requested that correspondents will bear this in mind when their requests for publication are not complied with.]

## DEAR LIFE:

In your issue of the 12th inst., Miss Byington takes you mildly to task for your assumed anti-missionary tendencies, and says: "I should also be interested to know how you interpret Christ's last command, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature?'"

I should also be interested to know how Miss Byington interprets Christ's anathema, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves."

The fact is that Miss Byington, like the theologians, omits that portion of Christ's last command, which justifies and sanctions it. Said Jesus: "Preach the Gospel, heal the sick."

I could almost believe that if these preachers of the Gospel should accompany their preaching by the healing of the sick, the missionary question would take care of itself. *Christian Scientist.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 14, 1906.

## TO LIFE:

Noting yours anent the shooting of English sparrows, you and your correspondent are *not* right, but wrong. The shooting of English sparrows by Italians or others is a blessing. 'Twould be well for us—and especially for our native songbirds, which these sparrows oppress, drive out and murder—if all our English sparrows could be thus disposed of.

The English sparrow is a filthy, raucous-voiced, salacious, bullying, destructive blackguard, doing no economic or sentimental good observable to common sense or science in the least degree comparable to the great and constant harm which it does. This, I say, is the consensus alike of organized science and of common sense.

In the name, then, of our blessed song and insectivorous birds, which it has supplanted—as well as of general sentimental and prudential good—I say: "Bless the Italian who shoots the English sparrow, but put the full force of the law on him who dares to shoot our native songsters."

No living creature should be wantonly

tortured—there we agree. But the English sparrow is less entitled to protection than the common rat and should be accordingly dealt with.

Yours,

*Fletcher Osgood.*

(An authority on this matter).

CHELSEA, MASS., April 13, 1906.

## LIFE, NEW YORK.

GENTLEMEN:

I have purchased on the favorable comment in your issue of last week a book called "Larky Furnace," intending to give it to one of my nieces. I have read it and consigned it to the ash barrel. It appears to me to be the most unnatural conception to impute to a child's fancy, and the most undesirable one to put into the hands of a child, I have ever read.

Why should the author impute to a little girl a knowledge of drunken debauches, of motives which would induce the wrecking of a railroad train, to commit theft which would invoke the shades of Molock, to commit murder; and why should any sane person put such literature into the hand of a child? They learn evil soon enough without feeding them poison in candy.

Yours truly,

*Arthur Stuart.*

NEW YORK, April 3, 1906.

[LIFE regrets that in spite of the tremendous gravity of Mr. Stuart's questions it finds some difficulty in answering them with a straight face. It imagines that Miss Brooks has imputed to this little girl the fancies which he paraphrases so blood-curdlingly because she was once a little girl herself and recalls both the funny fancies little girls sometimes have and the thrills that once ran down her back at the delicious horror of preposterous nonsense—thrills which she experienced in reading of those gluttonous orgies of Jack the Giant Killer, the shameless falsehood and treachery prematurely revealed to her by the experiences of Little Red Riding Hood and the loathsome suggestion of the shambles contained in those unspeakable lines:

Fe Fi Fo Fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman!]

## EDITOR OF LIFE:

Your views on missionaries are as shocking as surprising. Up here in the rural districts of New England we believe in the missionary industry; it enables us to export and get rid of a superfluous lot of people who are afflicted with the worst forms of reformamania. If we did not have a market for them in China or the Congo, New England would become one great

lunatic asylum. Pie, ice-water, prudery, prohibition and puritanism are afflictions which can only be mitigated by removing the worst forms of these evils—the vociferous advocates of them. Unfortunately, non-progressive New England discourages euthanasia and forbids mere homicide, and the only thing a discouraged population can do is to chip in and deport our nuisances to an older, wiser and more patient civilization. If the Chinese kill these excessively good people and the Congolese eat them, it shows that even patience has its limitations and the palate its peculiarities, and it proves that the forbearance of New England may pass the understanding of man.

If you have any altruism left in your system, do not discourage the missionary business; it may annoy China and irritate Timbuctoo, but it saves New England.

Yours,

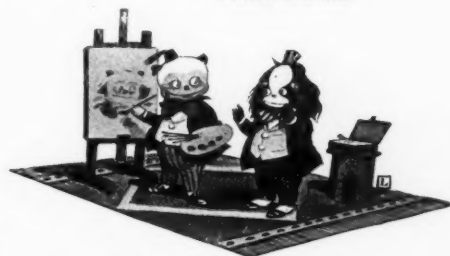
*A Victim.*

TEWKSBURY, MASS.

## Cupid's Primer

ARROWS are this Archer's claim;  
Bows and Belles are Both his game.  
Cupid, Clever little Cuss,  
Does Delight to bother us;  
Every tricky Enterprise  
Finds a Favor in his eyes,  
Give him one Glad smile or Glance  
He is Happy, Here's His chance!  
Imp and Impudent, the boy,  
Jupiter's own child of Joy;  
Kisses are his Kind, be sure;  
Love his Life is and his Lure;  
Matches he can Make or Mar;  
No and yes his Neighbors are;  
Old or young, his One brief call  
Pleases People, Pranks and all.  
Queer the Questions that he brings;  
Rhymes and Roses, Ribbons, Rings,—  
Such are the Seductive Sweets  
To make Trouble when he Treats.  
Useless 'tis to be Unkind;  
Venus, his mamma, will find  
Ways for him to Win or Woo  
Xerxes and Xantippe, too.  
Youth, immortal since of Yore,  
Zealous Zany—nothing more.

*Julian Durand*



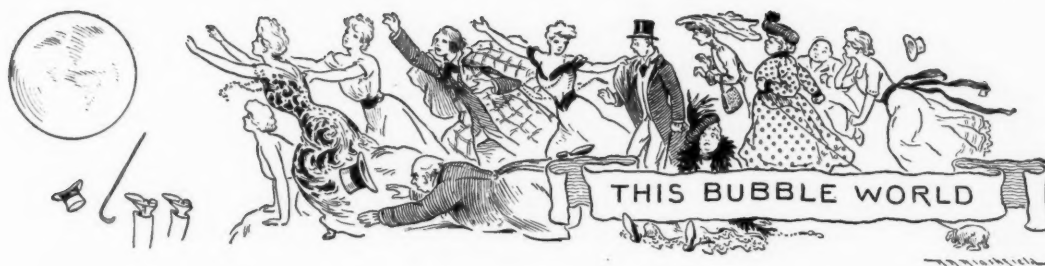
*Spaniel:* WHERE DID YOU ACQUIRE YOUR TASTE FOR ART?

*Pug:* WHEN I WAS QUITE YOUNG, I ONCE BIT AN ART STUDENT.





THE ORIGINAL MOVING DAY



SOME of the United States Senators seem to fear they are not popular enough to risk election by popular vote.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Not afraid; sure of it.



A Baltimore policeman refused to arrest a man who had hugged Maxine Elliott.—*Chicago Journal*.

Would Andrew Carnegie be safe in Baltimore?

Who is the man most deserving of sympathy?—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

The man who married the right woman on the strength of a Dakota divorce.

It is said that Gorky came to America for his health.—*Houston Post*.

That wasn't exactly what he got.

A Gotham theatrical paper says there are 79,621 actors in this country.—*Buffalo News*.

Meaning persons who think they can act.

There is some dispute in the public press as to what is the most exclusive organization in the country.—*Harpers' Weekly*.

The Professor Woodrow Wilson Nominator seems to answer the description.

The genial smile, the kind word and the gentle touch of a physician frequently do his patient more good than his prescription.—*Detroit News*.

Hm! Are you quite sure about that "gentle touch"?

The University of Berlin is going to establish a course in alcoholism.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

In American universities it has long been an optional.

The talk of the four-hour trains between New York and Boston is revived.—*Lowell Courier*.

Another diminution of the horrors of living in Bahston.

Mayor Dunne has practically killed municipal ownership in Chicago.—*Buffalo News*.

Now if M. O. would only kill Martyr Hearst in New York!

Castro wants an ex-Rough Rider for his Minister of War.—*Baltimore American*. Please address, promptly, L. W., care of T. R., Washington, D. C.

Professor Tarbell, of the University of Chicago, says the people of Chicago don't know how to speak the English language.—*Philadelphia Press*.

What's the vernacular? Hog-Latin?

Mr. Tom Lawson some time ago ceased to rank as the star performer in the exposure of financial wickedness.—*Chillicothe Bulletin*.

Too much competition in the exposure business killed Thomas.

Martinsburg, Ky., starts off the season with the story of a snake that blew the whistle of a flour mill and sent out a fire alarm.—*Indianapolis News*.

The Martinsburg brew of Kentucky whiskey evidently hasn't been denaturalized.

Gapon rather has the laugh on Gorky.—*Boston Transcript*.

*Rouge et noir* and the red petticoat seem rather fatal to both these followers of the red flag.

The descendants of Pocahontas plan a reunion at the Jamestown Exposition.—*Chicago Journal*.

Jamestown may be all right for the descendants of Pocahontas, but if the descendants of the Mayflower pilgrims had a reunion they would have to hire the State of Texas.

A Chicago faith healer is offering to cure poverty for \$5 a treatment.—*Houston Post*.

Thus following the first ethic of the profession, "Physician, heel thyself."

Judge Parker has nominated Mayor McClellan for President.—*Troy Times*.

Sounds like a voice from Salt Creek, saying, "Come on in; it's fine."

Congressmen, like ordinary mortals, sometimes sadly confuse things.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

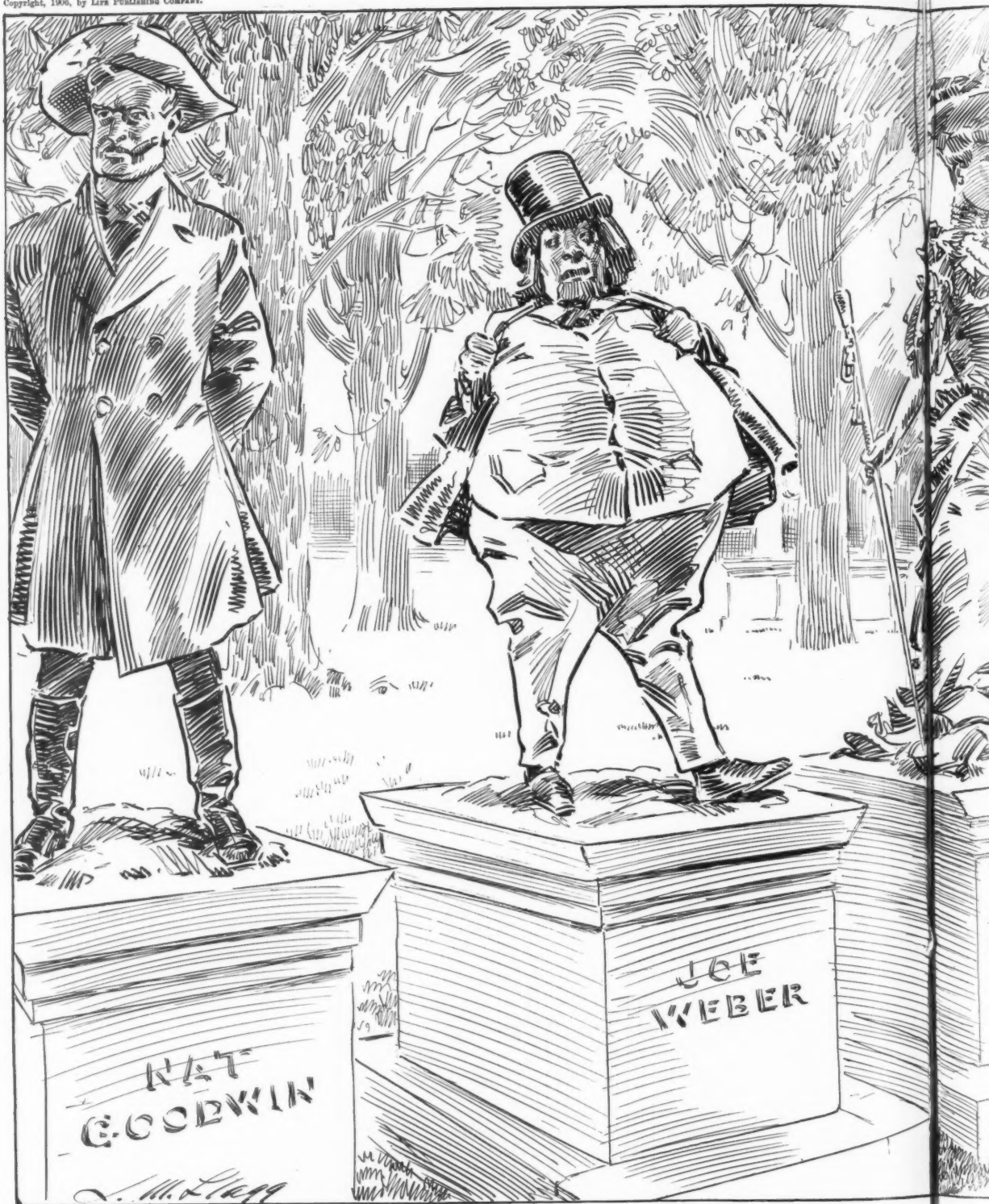
Particularly *neum* and *tuum*.



LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST

CHANGEABLE

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### Some Pretty Bad Plays



rejoice in the fate of the many plays rejected than in the few that are chosen.

\* \* \*

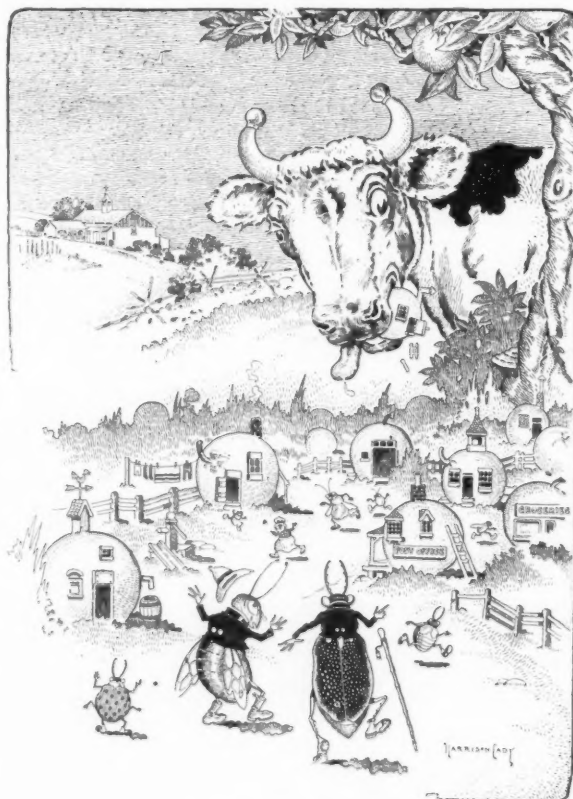
IF PERSEVERANCE counted for as much as the copy-books would have us believe, Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld ought some day to write a really good play. He has practised at the art of the dramatist long enough to have its technique thoroughly at his fingers' ends. Enough stage dust must have been inhaled by him to make him the greatest of playwrights, if only the art could be acquired by microbic infection. Unfortunately for Mr. Rosenfeld great plays, even average plays, require something more in the author than simply a knowledge of stage traditions and stage methods. A knowledge of recipes doesn't necessarily make a good cook, as many a dyspeptic husband knows to his sorrow.

"The Optimist" is an ambitious attempt at a comedy of contemporary life, manners and morals. It has two themes which jostle each other through the piece's four acts in a way detrimental to both. One concerns the senior hero and heroine, who are kept from married bliss by a complication which might make a very respectable emotional drama if properly wrought out. The other concerns the love affairs of the senior heroine's young brother and conducts him through love affairs with three junior heroines. He is rescued from the despair of an unrequited puppy love by the senior hero, who throws him into the delirious joys of beefsteak suppers in the upper ten of Tenderloin society and into the innocuous happiness of a soubrette love affair only to save him for marriage with his own niece masquerading as his adopted daughter. It is this masquerading proposition which has made the senior hero *persona non grata* to the senior heroine who, it must be remembered for the purposes of lucidity, is the doting older sister of the junior hero. Naturally she does not approve of the heroic beefsteak-soubrette cure which the man who asserts that he loves her provides for her cherub brother, and she suspects him of heaven knows what sinister projects concerning that angel child. But the angel child thrives on the treatment, the soubrette marries a Pittsburgh millionaire (as all good soubrettes in real life do), the masquerading is discovered to be only a philanthropic enterprise, and everything comes out nicely in the wash.

TO GIVE all this an air of verisimilitude Mr. Rosenfeld makes one of his characters a reproduction in make-up of Mr. Joseph Howard, Jr., a newspaper man well known to a considerable number of persons in New York and elsewhere. This lofty dramatic undertaking, the good taste and artistic value of which is intended to appeal to the entire public, marks somewhat the character of Mr. Rosenfeld's abilities as a dramatist. The high purpose of the author was marred somewhat by the fact that, faithful as was the actor's imitation of a living person, he spoke his lines with an incurable brogue while his prototype is an American of the New England type, in speech at least. The realism of the piece was further heightened by the beefsteak supper being given in an up-town flat, the only viand which made its appearance on the stage being an "apple float" in its preparatory stages. Mr. Rosenfeld evidently has not studied life in the Tenderloin or has not properly assimilated his studies, because apple float is not regularly served at beefsteak suppers and beefsteak suppers, so called, are not capable of being served in flats in that geographical centre of soubrettedom.

\* \* \*

IT IS THE fate of many historic play-houses to descend to base uses. For instance, it is said that Sir Henry Irving's hallowed Lyceum is about to become a garage. It is some time since the fact that a piece was produced at Daly's Theatre meant that it was worthy of either patronage or serious criticism, so the production of "The Optimist" at that house is not a guarantee of



### A RAVENOUS APPETITE

Hiram Bug: GOSH! THIS IS AWFUL. HE'S SWALLOWED THE TOWN HALL AND THERE GOES THE BAPTIST MEETING HOUSE!



PEACH BLOSSOMS

the piece in any way, and a few similar efforts might suggest that the sooner the theatre was made a garage, or something equally useful, the better. There are some clever actors in the cast who do their best with bad material. Miss Charlotte Walker, as the giddy and dashing soubrette, strikes a new key for her and it suits her quite as well as anything she has undertaken. Mr. J. H. Gilmour's impersonation of the senior hero, whose disposition to look on the hopeful side of things gives the play its title, played the quieter scenes with considerable distinction but wound up the third act with an outburst of melodramatic force which seemed to have nothing whatever to do with the character or the rest of the play. Mr. Thomas A. Wise was the always laugh-provoking stout comedian, familiar in many recent farces.

"The Optimist" demonstrates only one thing conclusively—that Mr. Rosenfeld, despite his long experience, is not a dramatist of great ability.

\* \* \*

"WHAT the Butler Saw," at the Garrick, is another proof of the fact that the rejected play is not the most unfortunate one. It is a curious mixture of the expert and the amateur both in construction and cast. With a very amusing, although equally suggestive central idea, carefully led up to, it degenerates into rank amateurism in many places. Its company is made up of experienced, competent actors in many of the parts, and others are committed to tyros, ignorant even of the rudiments of acting. The piece is evidently a French farce made over to suit the English market and transplanted to America with very slight changes. Its types, where there are any, are the exaggerated ones which appeal to the British sense of humor, but which entirely escape the American, who insists that characters to be funny must be drawn entirely within the horizon of his own vision. In the cast are

such clever artists as Mr. Charles Butler, Mr. Charles Kent, Mr. Doré Davidson and Miss Maggie Halloway Fisher. The others are for the most part young persons of the more fascinating sex who have been selected apparently for their approximation to the Tenderloin standard of beauty and costuming.

Some of the lines of "What the Butler Saw," as presented at the Garrick, make one wonder why the police ever interfered with the performance of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" on the stage of the same theatre.

\* \* \*

"THE American Lord," at the Hudson, is, frankly, simply a medium for the display of the abilities and personality of Mr. William H. Crane. It is neither better nor worse than a number of other made-to-measure pieces intended for well-known stars who have to change their mediums at intervals to provide novelty for their followers. It is simply the story of a typical American, who hates things English, compelled by the inheritance of a title to go and live among the detested Britons and combat with British institutions and manners which do not change to suit the habits of the individual American.

In the present instance Messrs. Dazey and Broadhurst have provided Mr. Crane with a good fit, showing him as the straightforward, good-hearted, bluff Westerner, with an irascible temper and a heroic and sentimental streak always pervaded with a sense of the humorous and a fun-making spirit. In this guise Mr. Crane is familiar to theatre-goers the country over, but it seems to be a familiarity which does not lessen his popularity as time goes on. The cast includes as leading woman Hilda Spong, always an agreeable actress, and a numerous company all sufficient to not very exacting tasks.

The combination of play and star provides a clean and diverting evening's enter-

tainment, a little bit old-fashioned, to be sure, but on the whole a good deal more rational than many to which the present generation of theatre-goers gives generous support.

Metcalfe.

## Life's Confidential Guide to the Theatres

*Academy of Music*—"The Pit," with Mr. Wilton Lackaye and large company in interesting drama of Chicago wheat speculation.

*Belasco*—"The Girl of the Golden West." The early mining days of California, done into an absorbing drama, well staged and well acted.

*Bijou*—"The Music Master." Mr. David Warfield's admirable character acting in a charming comedy with good cast.

*Broadway*—"The Vanderbilt Cup." Silly musical play, with automobiling as its central motive.

*Casino*—"The Social Whirl." Musical piece of not great merit, intended for summer audiences.

*Criterion*—"The Mountain Climber." Francis Wilson's acrobatic abilities in moderately diverting farce.

*Daly's*—"The Optimist." See opposite.

*Empire*—Maude Adams in the title part of Mr. Barrie's delightful child nonsense, "Peter Pan."

*Fields's Theatre*—"Mr. Hopkinson." Mr. Dallas Welford, Annie Hughes and other capable English artists in very laughable farce.

*Garrick*—"What the Butler Saw." See opposite.

*Hippodrome*—"The Court of the Golden Fountains," circus and ballet. All good.

*Hudson*—William H. Crane in "The American Lord." See above.

*Knickerbocker*—"Mlle. Modiste," by Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. Amusing and tuneful comic opera with Fritz Scheff as the star.

*Lyric*—Arnold Daly in Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man." Very clever satirical comedy by George Bernard Shaw. Well acted.

*Madison Square*—"Mrs. Temple's Telegram." Amusing very light comedy.

*Majestic*—Margaret Anglin and good cast in "Zira." Serious emotional play.

*Manhattan*—"Charley's Aunt." Approaching its one-thousandth performance. Classical English farce.

*Princess*—"Brown of Harvard." Amusing little play of college life.

*Proctor's Fifth Avenue*—Stock company in weekly change of bill.

*Savoy*—"It's All Your Fault." Farce, trifling but full of laughs.

*Weber's Theatre*—"Twiddle Twaddle" and burlesques. Fun and music, with a lot of pretty girls.



# The LATEST BOOKS

OWEN WISTER'S *Lady Baltimore* is with difficulty classifiable in the pigeonholes of current literature. Light of touch and ephemeral in character it unquestionably is; but, also, full of value, and of genuine flavor, as light and ephemeral things unquestionably have it in their power to be. It is both thistle-down fiction and social philosophy. Perhaps more the last than the first. A picture of Charleston of infinitely delicate responsiveness, a graceful bow to that American civilization which is all but passed away, a graceful shrug at the new order which has come and—a charming story. Its poise is perfect though it be, measurably, that of the cynic. Its pages are full of the blended spirit of *noblesse oblige* and of *laissez faire*. Reading it is a pleasure one will do well not to forego.

*The Evasion*, a novel by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham, founded upon the shirking and assuming of responsibility for a card table scandal, strikes one, if one may so isolate and dignify the strong points in a story otherwise conventional and trite, as a struggle between the author's preconceived plot and the spasmodic efforts of her characters at self-assertion. For Mrs. Frothingham's characters, like all fictional creations in any sense worthy of the name, develop an individuality and a will of their own and there are moments when, so to say, they take the bit in their teeth, shake themselves angrily free from the arbitrary rein and express their own, as contrasted to their imposed, impulses. But the revolts are soon quelled, the author chooses to dictate rather than to guide, and the novel's appeal is made to the lovers not of spontaneous human life, but of constructive sentiment.

The translation into English of the work upon *Christian Origin*, by Otto Pfeleiderer, Professor of Systematic Theology at the University of Berlin, puts within the reach of American students a treatise of extreme value and of very exceptional complexion. The author, who was a pupil of Baur, and is one of that pioneer's most eminent successors as investigator

and critic, here offers neither an attack upon dogma nor a defense of it, but an attempt, unbiased by any desire but a reverent and earnest wish for the truth, to outline a history of the moral forces that prepared the way for the Christian religion, the events that gave it birth and the intellectual influences that effected its crystallization. The author's clearness, his sincerity and his ability are equally striking.

In his *Chatwit, the Man-talk Bird*, Phillip Verrill Mighels has evolved a conceit whose possibilities he has, somehow, failed to bring to full blossom. The story is that of a magpie, caught in early youth and kept on a ranch, where it learns to talk, and whence it escapes to spread awe, envy and suspicion among the people of the wild.

For a fable, for a satire, even for a pure rollicking play of whimsy, the chances are evident; but though the story toys with all, it achieves neither. In short, it is almost clever, and seems to fail because Mr. Mighels has either too much Aesop for his Burroughs, or vice-versa.

A running series of very readable and, in one or two instances of unusually well-handled detective stories, is published by Robert Barr in *The Triumphs of Eugene Valmont*. Mr. Barr's hero is an ex-chief of Parisian detectives now operating "on his own" in London, and if his Gallic foibles are less happily handled than, say, those of Monsieur d'Haricot, they are often used to distinct advantage in differentiating the series from its many fellows.

One is perhaps likely to take up G. Sidney Paternoster's *The Cruise of the Conqueror*, which contains the further adventures of *The Motor Pirate*, with a certain hesitancy, founded on experience, as to the advisability of second bites at such highly-flavored artificial cherries. In the event, however, the author proves not to have exhausted his store of invention, and the change from the highway to the high seas gives the new volume a sufficiently individualized foundation.

A handbook, compiled by H. A. Guerber, and styled *How to Prepare for Europe*, is worth mentioning for its extreme



handiness in certain ways as a book of reference. Its text, historical and topographical, may, for our purpose at least, be disregarded, but its convenient maps, its comprehensive bibliographies, its chronological tables and its reference lists of European painters, sculptors, architects and musicians are innovations which mark the volume off from its kind.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*Lady Baltimore.* By Owen Wister. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)  
*The Evasion.* By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

*Christian Origins.* By Otto Pfeleiderer, D.D. (B. W. Huebsch. \$1.75.)  
*Chatwit, the Man-talk Bird.* By Phillip Verrill Mighels. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

*The Triumphs of Eugene Valmont.* By Robert Barr. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Cruise of the Conqueror.* By G. Sidney Paternoster. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

*How to Prepare for Europe.* By H. A. Guerber. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.00.)

### Will Our Burglars Please Organize?

**M**UCH discomfort could be avoided by a proper organization of the burglars of New York, and the election of representative officers with whom the public could deal. As things go now the great industry of burglary, thriving as it is, is not upon a satisfactory basis. For one thing, there is no burglars' union, and outside operators are free to come to town and poach upon what ought to be the exclusive preserves of our resident, taxpaying cracksmen. A proper union with a competent entertainment committee would quickly put a stop to that, and a householder who woke up in the night to find a masked intruder making selections from



### WHY THEY MARRIED

NOW HERE IS A COUPLE WHO SEEM OF ONE MIND  
 WHAT ON EARTH MADE THEM THINK THEY'D AGREE?  
 WHY, HE DIDN'T CARE FOR THE LEAN, SCRAGGLY KIND,  
 AND IT'S FUNNY, BUT NEITHER DID SHE!

his stock of hardware and jewels could go to sleep with some feeling of assurance that the right men were on the job.

Again, in reclaiming heirlooms and articles more valuable to the original owner than to the transferee, it would be of the greatest convenience to deal with respectable and authorized persons at first hand, instead of being exposed to the rapacity of various intermediaries.

Moreover, a thoroughly organized union, under good discipline, and with strict limitation of the number of apprentices, would be in an excellent position to carry on a business of burglar-insurance. This business, as it is, is very considerable, and growing very fast. As things are now the burglars promote it by their industry without receiving—so far as known—any share in its profits. Surely the laborer is worthy of his hire. If the burglars themselves should insure, it would greatly help the reputation of their profession and at the same time bring them in a steady and reliable income.

We wish very much that something could be done on the lines here suggested. The police keep fair order in the streets, but the burglars play tag with them. When the late Mr. Travers was invited to see the terrier kill the rat, and saw the rat drive the terrier into the corner, he suggested buying the rat.

### Universal

**"M**AMA, is it possible to hate any one you have never met and don't know personally?"  
 "Certainly, darling; don't we all hate 'Central'?"



THESE FOOLISH, HAPPY PEOPLE HERE,  
 MEHITABLE AND HARRY,  
 DISDAINING QUITE THOSE WORDS OF "PUNCH"  
 TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY!

### The Kiss Carnegie

"Compared to Mr. Carnegie's kiss," she said, "Hobson's was a mere peck on the lips. Mr. Carnegie understands the philosophy of kissing. He takes his time to it and his kiss lingers. It thrills."—*New York Sun*.

**H**E HATES to keep his wealth, they say;  
He dotes upon donation,  
And with each book he gives away  
He adds an osculation—  
The ringing, clinging, stinging kind  
Of wholesale osculation.

To every town he gives a school,  
A church to every city;  
And rather than be harsh or "crool"  
To ladies young and pretty  
A whacking, cracking, smacking kiss  
He gives 'em—when they're pretty.

When children to his doorstep come  
They do not ask for candy,  
But rather cry, "O give us some  
Scotch kisses, Uncle Andy!  
The wholesome kind, the soulsome kind  
Of sweetmeat, Uncle Andy!"

In Andrew's soft salutes you feel  
That he's a willing spender—  
How strange that one can deal in steel  
Yet be so very tender!  
Each goo-ey, oo-ey, coo-ey kiss,  
It is so very tender.

But should all millionaires persist  
In kissing of the bonny,  
Who will enthuse on being kissed  
By dear old Uncle Johnny,  
The oily, coily Standard goods  
Dispensed by Uncle Johnny?

But, girls, be kind and never mind—  
Though John is not æsthetic,  
Think of his wealth and go it blind;  
For even *he's* magnetic.  
Ah, such is Fame—in a kissing game  
All magnates are magnetic.

W. I.

### All's Well That Ends Well

**MR. GORDON KNOX BELL**, one of the executive committee of the S. P. C. A., is reported as saying:

"We look with contempt upon all suggestions made by the S. P. C. A. Reform Association. Mr. Turnure has maintained that the society cannot be reformed from the inside, but we have proved conclusively that it can. We have ousted Haines and will continue our work of reform without outside interference."

Now, if Mr. Bell is correctly reported—which we doubt—he is merely voicing what are believed to be the sentiments prevailing in the inner sanctuary of the S. P. C. A.

These "inside" members, with one or two exceptions, have achieved nothing whatever in the way of reforming the society, until recently awakened by public opinion. And as Mr. Turnure and his S. P. C. A. Reform Association were largely instrumental in arousing this public opinion, it seems that too much contempt for their very successful efforts might be a wee bit superfluous.

However, Haines is going. So let us all be joyful.

**O**NE swallow does not make a summer.

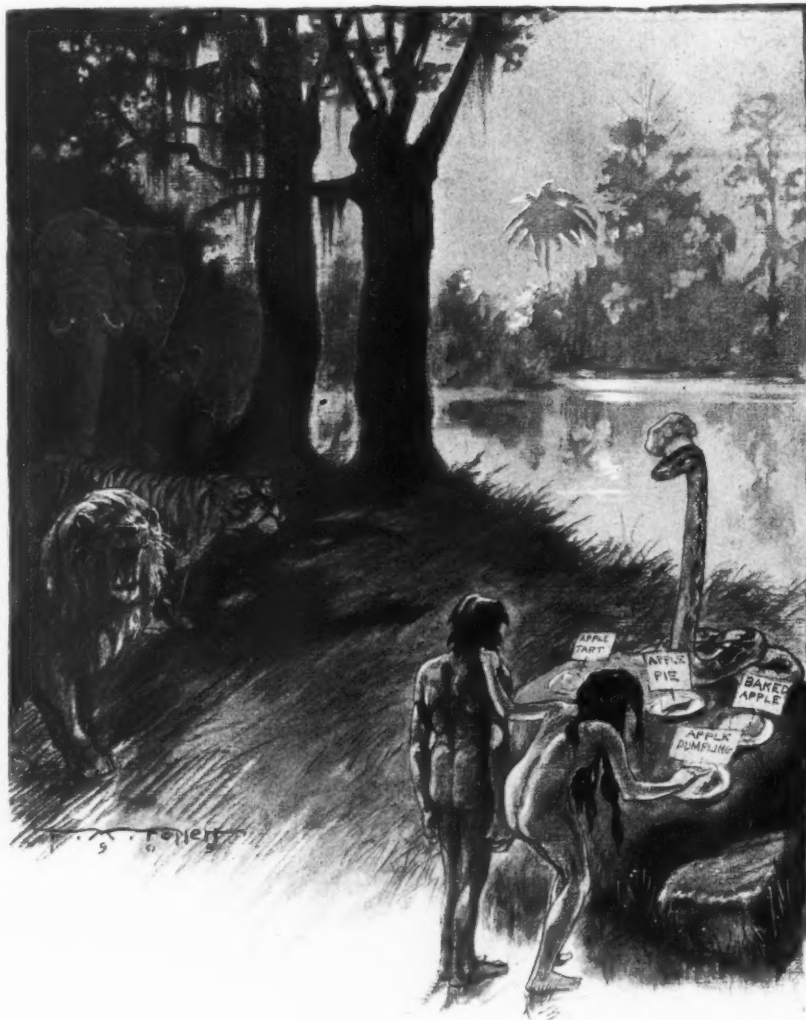
### Obituary

(*A la Mental Healing*)

**H**ERE lies William Jones,  
Who once thought he was ill;  
He thought aches in his bones,  
He thought fever and chill.

So we think, in our minds,  
When we come to this spot,  
That our poor brother finds  
He is buried—in thought.

**T**HE JUDGE: Now, sir, what sort of words did you have with your wife?  
WITNESS: Hers, your Honor.



THE FIRST "QUICK LUNCH"



## A Life-Saving Service

By VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD



THE Summalt house rocked and creaked in the arms of an approaching storm, and giant clouds fled across the moon of the early autumn night. With the first drops of chill rain, a man, tall and ungainly, grew out of the shadow close to the wall of the house, and went to a broken chink in a closed shutter and deliberately peered in.

He drew his cloak closer and stared at the preparations inside, which appeared to be of a festal nature. Great logs blazed on the hearth, two lamps were lighted, the table was laid for one only, and a small man hurried in and out of a rear kitchen, with pent excitement in every movement. His trousers were drawn up-

ward to an unnatural altitude by his suspenders, and his gray hair was brushed stiffly back, accentuating the startled expression of his thin face. He had donned a clean collar, and his heavy boots had been carefully brushed—this the looker-on observed at once, his gaze following the other with interest as he placed upon the table a dish of steaming sausages.

The man outside uttered an exclamation which seemed that of satisfaction, although the odor of supper could not prevail against the wind and walls, and peered closer while the one inside went to a closet in the chimney corner and brought out a tea-caddy and disappeared in the kitchen to return with a pitcher, which he put carefully on the table.

"Cider—by the great horn!" muttered the outsider. He pressed to the door and gave a loud rap. There was silence for a moment.

"Dropped dead, I reckon," he added to himself. But the door opened, letting in a rush of cold wind and rain, and revealing the shrinking form of the host, whose face showed pale now in the lamplight, as he said, feebly:

"Got back, Manda?"



A buggy came along . . . In the moonlight a woman . . . using the whip valiantly.

(This story is continued on 5th advertising page following.)



### KARNEYG KIST

In dicsunaries unabridged  
On Karneyg fire shelf,  
Such wurd mite be as "oskulate,"  
He nose it not himself.  
A tale has gone the rounds that he  
In Georgia, traveling thare,  
Outshun the famous Hobson act,  
And kist Atlanta's fare.  
He never kist—"twuz base report  
With malus for its sourse,  
Wile unsuspishus of attack.  
He wuz kist, tru, by forse.  
He stude in pleasant converse, by  
No thot of ill deturd,  
Just shaking hands and smiling, wen  
The incedent okurd.  
Tu dames, well drest, wur in the line,  
Thare plan he cud not see;  
Like all the rest tha told him how  
Nice wuz his libraree.  
Then all at wunse—pore man, cud he  
Detect thare horid plot?  
Round Andru's nek tha put thare arma,  
And kist the kanny Skot.  
And now he sez thos kisses twane  
Wur stolen, not a gift;  
Thos dames did simple "hold him up,"  
Thos kisses did tha "lift."  
But if he feels the theft so sore,  
In such ungallant strane,  
Why did he not just halt thos thieves,  
And tak them bak agane?

—Baltimore American.

### NOT A DARNED FOOL

Years ago, when telephones were still a novelty, a farmer from the outskirts of Manchester, N. H., came to town one day and called on a lawyer friend of his, now United States Senator Henry E. Burnham, whom he supplied with butter, and who had had a telephone recently put in his office.

"Need any butter this morning?" asked the farmer.  
"Well, I don't know," answered the lawyer. "Wait a minute. I'll ask my wife about it."  
After speaking through the 'phone, he went on: "No; my wife says no."

The farmer's face was a study for a moment. Then he broke out with: "Look a-here, Mr. Lawyer, I may be a 'rube' and have my whiskers full of hay and hayseed, but I'm not such a darned fool as to believe that your wife is in that box!"—*Exchange.*

### THE SPEAKER

Ex-Speaker Reed, of the House of Representatives, had visited a barber shop in Washington for a shave.

After the darky barber had scraped his chin, he began to cast about for further work or for a chance to sell hair tonics.

"Hair purty thin, suh," he said, fingering the two or three stray locks that fringed Mr. Reed's bald pate. "Been that way long, suh?"

"I was born that way," replied Reed. "Afterward I enjoyed a brief period of hirsute efflorescence, but it did not endure."

The barber gasped and said no more. Later some one told him he had shaved the Speaker.

"Speakah!" he exclaimed. "Don't I know dat? I should say he was a speakah, sure 'nuf!"—*Denver Times.*



*Spaniel:* WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU WOULD MAKE A SUCCESSFUL LAWYER?

*Pug:* WELL, YOU KNOW, MY FATHER HAD A SPLENDID BENCH RECORD.

### A HOMILETICAL REPEATER

"It was in a small German congregation that I heard a preacher who, when he had completed his introduction and first point, said: 'I have come to the second head.' A man rose, rubbed his eyes, folded his arms across his breast and appeared ready for that head. When it was finished he had overcome the drowsiness and sat down. During the elucidation of the third head, three other men stood up. At the close of his sermon the preacher found all his people asleep. As he stopped, they all looked up and seemed greatly relieved. But the good man said: 'You have slept all through the sermon, and as this is a sermon you all ought to hear, I will begin it anew.'"—*The Ecclesiastical Review.*

### NON-INTOXICANT

Dr. Wiley, of the Department of Agriculture, says that bottled whiskey is the only safe kind. The records show that whiskey left in a bottle has never injured any one seriously.—*Harper's Weekly.*

### THE OLD BALL PLAYER

Old Jake Jones was sitting in the easy chair which was a part of the little country store that he owned, when his son came rushing in, full of excitement.

"Pop!" he shouted, as he waved a baseball club around his head, "we skinned dem Mayville guys wid a cinch. Why, say, it was just like taking candy away from a baby. Talk about your great batting. Jimmie Milligan hit the ball so hard that when that spindle-legged gazabo that plays first for Mayville tried to catch it it went right through his hands and hit him in the grub digester, and he almost broke his back trying to double himself into a knot. And, oh! you ought to see the catch Billy McDougal made. He jumped about five feet in the air, stuck out his paw and caught Si Cornassel's long drive, turned a regular circus flipflop and landed safely on his feet. Gee, whiz! but didn't de crowd cheer?"

Here Jake interrupted his son by solemnly saying: "Why, William, them plays aint nothing to the plays us fellows used to make. Why, I was the champion batter of Western New York, and every time I came to bat you could see the field get way back near the fence. Why, say, I was a regular star. Just let me take that club, son."

Taking the club, he grasped it firmly with both hands, planted his feet like a professional, and then proceeded to show Willie how to bat, with the result that the club got away from him, crashed through the window and killed his two game roosters who were just preparing for a fight.

Jake then dropped back in his chair with a look of disgust on his face, exclaiming: "I ain't as good as I used to be, but I believe I can play as good as any of Rochester's last year's players"—*Buffalo Times.*

### INSURANCE BENEFITS

"Of course it's a platitude to say that the American is the most quick-witted nationality," says a prominent globe-trotter, "and that's a fact that I've been aware of for years; but, all the same, I never fully realized the admirable sang-froid and presence of mind displayed by my countrymen under embarrassing conditions abroad till this summer."

"There was traveling with us on the train from Berlin to Moscow a young chap from New York, who, for some reason or other, had failed to provide himself with a passport. When we reached the Russian frontier he was, of course, instantly held up by a Russian inspector of customs, who demanded to see his passport. For an instant our New Yorker was stumped, but he quickly met the emergency. From the recesses of an inner pocket he ostentatiously drew forth his life insurance policy and handed it to the Muscovite. With the utmost gravity the official gravely scrutinized the imposing seal and the bewildering array of signatures. Then, satisfied, he returned the policy to our New Yorker, and the latter passed on."—*Harper's Weekly.*

### TRYING TO REASSURE HIM

"Yes," said Miss Tartun, "at the next meeting of the club we are to have amateur theatricals. You are to have a thinking part."

"But," objected Archie Feathertop, much mortified, "is there no other—"

"Oh, you're not really expected to think, you know. You will only need to look as if you were doing it."—*Chicago Tribune.*

LIFE is published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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Wilson—

The only whiskey that places a complete, guaranteed analysis on each every bottle. See back label!

That's All!

**Milo** The Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

At your club or dealer's SURBRUG-Importer

AROMATIC DELICACY—MILDNESS—PURITY

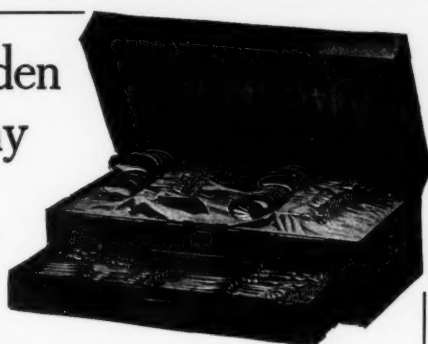


New York Central's Grand Central Station, Center of the City of New York

## The Meriden Company

Silversmiths

INTERNATIONAL  
SILVER COMPANY  
Successor



THE same careful workmanship and exclusiveness of design which have characterized our productions for over half a century will be found embodied in our Sterling Silver

### Forks, Spoons and Cutlery

These are sold in individual and serving pieces, as well as in solid chests of matched pieces in varying combinations—with cutlery to match.

The prices per doz. range as follows:

Tea Spoons, from \$ 7.00 upward.	Soup Spoons, from \$15.00 upward.
Dessert Spoons, " 15.00 "	Dessert Forks, " 15.00 "
Table Spoons, " 21.50 "	Dinner Forks, " 21.50 "

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A catalog illustrating our 1847 Rogers Bros. goods sent on request.

218 FIFTH AVE., Cor. 26th St., MADISON SQUARE  
Also entrance on 26th Street, a few steps from the Broadway cars

## UNIFORMS AND LIVERIES

Designing and Manufacturing of UNIFORMS and LIVERIES is a special branch of our business.

It provides complete livery appointments, and uniforms for Coachmen, Footmen, Chauffeurs and House Servants; also Riding Breeches, Servants' Club and Hotel Uniforms.

Motor garments for owners.

Booklet on request.

## Smith Gray & Co.

BROADWAY AND THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK  
BROADWAY AND BEDFORD AVE. } BROOKLYN  
FULTON ST. AND FLATBUSH AVE. }

One  
Model  
45  
Horse  
Power

## The Safety. Stearns

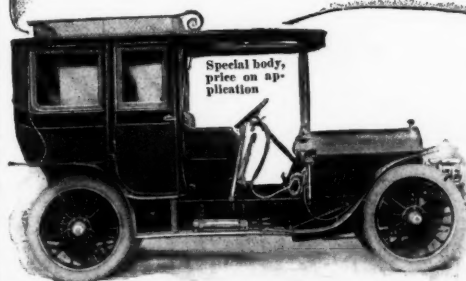
Perfect control of steering is the first requisite of safety in an automobile. The Stearns is safest and surest of all. The arrangement of front spring shackles takes the stress of road shocks off the steering rods, which makes direction more positive, removes liability of breakage, and prolongs indefinitely the life of the "worm gear," bearings and all working parts. This permits the free use of the fifty horse power and over; which, at the high efficiency of the Stearns, means more speed than some so-called "90-s."

The best materials from all over the world—over 2100 hours' labor in "finishing" alone—the highest refinement of accepted practice in design—form the merits of the Stearns.

By what process could any maker, anywhere, produce a better car? Where is another so made?

After producing this car we figured the cost and selling price. We were pleased to find that the duties and excessive commissions on our only competitors make our charge—\$4.50—barely half the cost of any foreign car that makes a comparison possible.

We seek communication from those who will appreciate this car. For such it will give a service greater than any other mechanism the world has produced. Shall we send our book of details?



THE F. B. STEARNS CO.,

Members A. L. A. M.

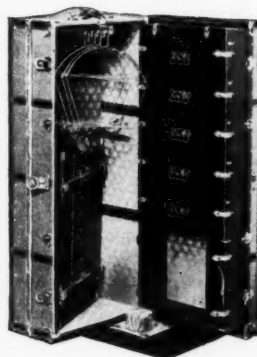
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A place for everything—everything in its place, where you can get at it without trouble.

The A. B. C. Wardrobe Trunk is the most practical trunk of its kind made. It does away with unpacking when you arrive and packing up when you leave—your clothes hang up just as they do in your wardrobe at home—an oak follower keeps them free from wrinkles. When closed, takes up only half the floor space of the ordinary trunk. Price \$35 and up.

Write for our book, "Tips to Travelers," telling you more about the A. B. C. Wardrobe Trunk, and showing you many new and practical articles of traveling equipment manufactured by us.

## Abel & Bach Company

Largest Makers of Trunks and Bags in the World

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Chicago Salesroom: 46-48 Adams Street



Insist upon having this mark on any Trunk, Suit Case or Bag you buy. It is your guarantee of quality, style and durability.





## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

### SOME HONORABLE INTENTIONS

When I get time, and running slick  
Are all my mental wheels,  
I shall invent a perfume squirt  
For gasolenebibles.

I mean to make when I get time,  
A neat cash register  
For husbands' trousers' pockets to  
Protect his coin from—Her.

And then a slot machine where one  
Can get, for a small sum,  
A quick divorce, as one can get  
A piece of chewing gum.

—Boston Transcript.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina is the best inn South. *Booklet.*

### EASILY COUNTED

A few years ago there lived in Thetford, Vt., a man by the name of Solon R. Berry, who was Deputy Sheriff for many years, says *The Boston Herald*. He concluded he would like to collect the taxes. Accordingly he supplied himself with ballots, and on arriving at the meeting he selected a man by the name of Porter to help him. Taking Porter to one side, he disclosed his plan to him, and after bracing Porter up two or three times, from the hip pocket, he gave him the batch of ballots with instructions to distribute them at the proper time.

At last the Moderator called for a ballot for Collector of Taxes and when the votes had been counted announced that Berry had only three votes.

Of course, "Sol," as he was called, was disappointed. Finding Porter alone in one corner of the hall in quite a contented frame of mind, he said: "This did not turn out as I expected."

"Neither did it as I expected," said Porter.

"There is something about it I don't understand," said "Sol."

"That is just the fix I am in," said Porter. "You voted for yourself and I voted for you. That makes two votes. What I can't understand is where did that other vote come from."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

"OLD SALEM PUNCH. Delicious—Try it. S. S. Pierce Co., Boston, Mass."

### THE LADY CANVASSER

A lady canvasser in the Eye division asked a Framlingham laborer if he was in favor of protection, and he replied by inquiring what it was. The question embarrassed the lady somewhat. "Well," she replied, a trifle abashed, "I cannot go into precise details at the moment, but it is a subject of vital importance to all who care for wild birds."—*St. James's Gazette.*

A WOMAN hurried up to a policeman at the corner of Twenty-third Street.

"Does this crosstown car take you down to the Bridge toward Brooklyn?" she demanded.

"Why, madam," returned the policeman, "do you want to go to Brooklyn?"

"No, I don't want to," the woman replied, "but I have to."—*New York Sun.*

### Hotel Vendome, Boston

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

### IT DESCRIBED HIS CHEESE

The girl asked the polite salesman if he had good cheese.

"We have some lovely cheese," was the smiling answer.

"You should not say lovely cheese," she corrected.

"Why not? It is," he declared.

"Because"—with boarding school dignity—"lovely should be used to qualify only something that is alive."

"Well," he retorted, "I'll stick to lovely."—*New York Press.*

IN CHINA the Roman Catholic missionaries display wonderful tact. In the pictures displayed to the natives a pigtail is painted on Christ.—*Lowery's Claim.*

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"To the old, long life and treasure;  
To the young, all health and pleasure.  
Let the world slide, let the world go;  
A fig for care and a fig for woe."

**Trimble**  
Whiskey  
Green Label.

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It's a delightful side trip from Puget Sound on the summer excursion journey into the Great Pacific Northwest. Direct steamship lines—We arrange reservations.

### YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

via the Gardiner Gateway as a side trip en route. Rates from St. Paul and Minneapolis to North Pacific Coast Points one-third lower than usual for the round trip June 1 to Sept. 15: **SIXTY DOLLARS** (FROM CHICAGO \$75)

Send six cents each for "WONDERLAND 1906" and "Eastward Through the Storied Northwest."

### NORTHERN PACIFIC RY.

A. M. Cleland, General Passenger Agent  
ST. PAUL, MINN.





Mrs. Upbert: YES; MY DAUGHTER REFUSED LORD ADDLE-PATE BECAUSE HE WAS OLD, POOR, CORRUPT, WEAK-MINDED, A PHYSICAL WRECK AND SHE DIDN'T LOVE HIM!  
Mrs. Newlyrich: WHAT FOOLS YOUNG GIRLS ARE!

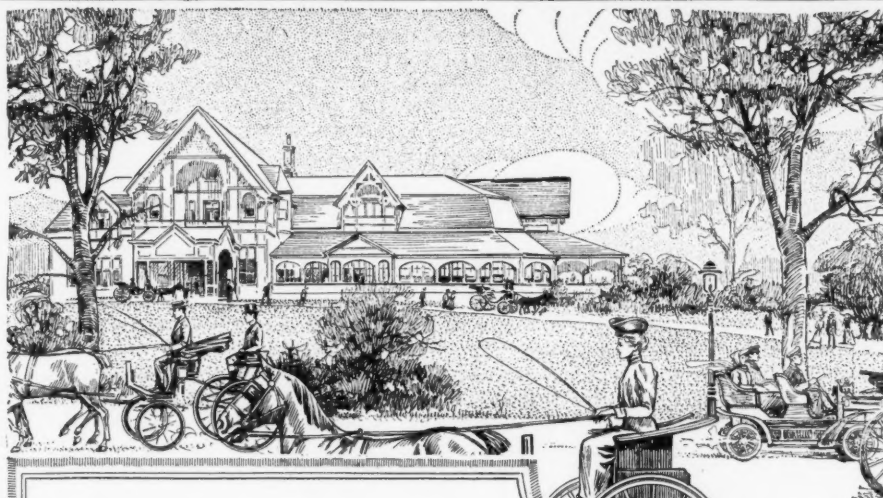
A MAN whose house adjoined the railway kept a goat tethered in his garden. A friend asked him one day what was the use of the goat. "Use of the goat!" he replied. "Man, that goat keeps me in coals. Never a train passes but the fireman throws a bit of coal at it."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.



### BLANCHE BATES

This ever-charming actress has achieved another signal success in "The Girl of the Golden West." She has read Meredith Nicholson's new novel, and says:

"I enjoyed 'The House of a Thousand Candles' because of the Americanism of its characters, plot and scenes. It is a strong story, admirably told."



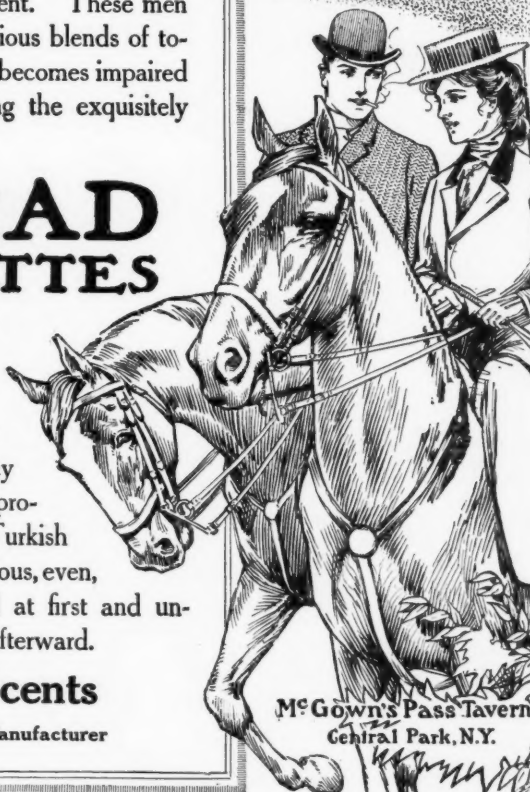
The tobacco blending experts of Turkey testify to the incomparable qualities of the Murad blend by selecting it for their own personal enjoyment. These men make tests by smoking various blends of tobacco. When their taste becomes impaired they relieve it by smoking the exquisitely soothing blend used in

## MURAD CIGARETTES

The Murad is neither very strong nor very mild. It offers the rare quality of "fullness" of flavor, with all the delicacy of aroma it is possible to produce from the finest Turkish leaf. The result is a delicious, even, mellow flavor—delightful at first and unceasingly delightful ever afterward.

10 for 15 cents

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer



McGown's Pass Tavern  
Central Park, N.Y.

### Where He Belonged

"NOBODY seems to want our territory," said ex-Delegate B. S. Rodey, of New Mexico, "and there is no telling where we will have landed by the time the statehood fight is settled. Our status is as uncertain as that of an old negro slave I once heard of. Somebody asked him whom he belonged to

"Ah don's know, suh," he replied. "Ole Marse, he upstairs playin' pokah."—*New York Times*.

### A Start

"SO YOU will make a dash for the North Pole by airship. Have you the ship yet?"

"No-o, not exactly."

"How far along are your preparations?"

"We have the air."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

IF THE rich man could get through the eye of the needle as easily as he squeezes through the loopholes of the law, his future would be safe.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

"Till taught by pain men really know not what good water's worth."

Search the world over and you'll find no Sparkling Natural Spring Water the equal of **Hiawatha**.

Bottled at the spring, it comes to you a perfect gift from Nature's hand.

**Hiawatha Sparkling Water** is the most genuinely enjoyed table beverage served today at clubs, hotels, cafes and homes. The pure spring water that gives you vim and zest.

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Send for the booklet, "It's What's Inside," to  
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SPRING MEETING  
OF THE  
**METROPOLITAN  
JOCKEY CLUB**  
AT  
**JAMAICA, LONG ISLAND**  
ELEVEN DAYS  
FROM  
**Friday, April 27th**  
TO  
**Wednesday, May 9th**  
**SIX RACES EACH DAY. First Race at 2 P. M. Each Day**

Track can be reached via Long Island Railroad, foot of East 34th St.; and from Flatbush Ave. Station, Brooklyn.  
For Time Tables, see Daily Papers.

The man from without stepped inside, startling the other to such an extent that he shut the door against the wind and stood staring up at the heavy, deliberate figure of Number Two.

"No, Manda hasn't come, but I have." The stranger took his broad-brimmed felt hat off and deliberately shook a circle of rain around him.

"Are you Henry Summalt?"

The little man nodded in silence.

"That's all right, then."

Henry found his voice.

"If you don't mind, sir—I'll—I'll take your hat. It—the rain's bad for the floor. My wife is mighty particular about the floor!"

The other laughed in his throat. It sounded like a reminiscent laugh.

"Yes; that's it, bad for the floor! Well, I was coming along your road, Mr. Summalt, and I saw the storm and stopped in. I'm bound for the night express down yonder at your switch station, by and by."

He removed his cloak and hung it on a nail behind the door, while Henry Summalt stared, puzzled.

"Yes, sir," he said at length, "you're welcome, I'm sure. I don't have much company. I'm busy mostly—my wife, she's away to-night"—Henry stopped, his rather tired and startled eyes arrested by the stranger's nod of comprehension, as he went across to the fire—"she's gone up to Mis' Brogden's to the mite meetin'. She'll be back by and by, but"—he glanced over his shoulder, as if expecting a habitual protest—"I'm—I'm just goin' to eat supper alone, and maybe—I reckon you'd better have some, sir."

"I reckon I had," said the stranger, with a nod of thanks. He noticed that something of latent courage sprung to Henry's eyes at the prospect of a guest. For to the hospitable soul who never exercises his hospitality it is absolute joy to extend it, and Henry Summalt hurriedly placed another chair and plate, with signs of excitement. For, after all, what is a secret orgy if no one shares it? He put a loaf of bread beside the sausages and a dish of apple-butter. The stranger eyed this and Henry as he took his seat opposite.

"Don't have sausages often, do you?" he said abruptly. "Special treat?"

Henry looked up in surprise, and passed the plate.

"Yes, sir—that is, I just got these and—put them aside for to-night, because she—my wife—doesn't like—that is, she has bread and spreadin' for supper."

The other nodded gravely, deliberately.

"That's it! Bread and spreadin' all the year round. I've been there! I was married to one once who had the bread and spreadin' habit, straight along."

It takes a small touch of nature to make kin or kind. There was a deliberation about the man's steady mien which inspired confidence. Henry's knife paused midway, and something escaped expression in his meek countenance as the two men looked at each other with the understanding of slowly awakened trust. Then he filled the other's glass with cider.

"I'm right glad of company," he said, with the breathlessness of utterance which denotes that the speaker seldom exercises liberty of expression. "I was goin' to eat by myself and get through soon because—"

"Of the sausages," put in the other flatly. "I know!"

Henry nodded across his teacup.

"Y'see she, my wife's a first-class housekeeper,—the best in these parts. Why, she just keeps house straight along and sets so much store by it—she can take a prize—a first—at any fair, for pickles and cakes and things, and she can keep goin'—" Henry sighed a little; "nothin' don't tire her! As for cleanin',"—he glanced at the floor apprehensively, "she can see dust where there aint none! And y'see it's easier to clean up after bread and spreadin' than fried things, Manda says. But, sir, she can make—"

"The dust fly," interpolated the other, leaning back, "if there was any. Mine could. Yes, man! Mine not only kept house, and cleaned everything off the face of the earth, but she kept everything else that war'nt nailed down—'cept me!" he chuckled a little in his throat; "no, sir, she couldn't keep me!"

Henry Summalt leaned forward an elbow on the table in the thrall of a delicious and unlicensed confidence, such as he had ever dreamed of experiencing. In all his married life this was the first time another man had unsealed that door of suppression which had become so habitual a part of him that it was almost now a mechanical process of thought.

"Is she dead?" he whispered.

"She dead? No, man!" the stranger chuckled again. "Her sort don't die. It's the other folks that dies! That's why I cut out and went into the Spanish War. 'Cause I wanted to live!"

Henry stared. Such heroic measures had never dawned in thought upon his horizon.



"And ye didn't go back?" he uttered in awed tone.

"Go back? To her? The stranger stretched his legs under the table, and folded his arms, as he looked Henry's meagre form up and down with something of pity. "There ain't nothin' this side of Jordan could get me back! What did I go for? A man's only got one life, I reckon, and if he feels that being all devilled out of him, what's he got? There warn't but one thing to do, and I done it. I left."

Henry sighed. His rolled-up shirtsleeve showed a very thin arm, and there was a flush rising to his pinched face born of unique excitement. He balanced his knife and forgot the sausages.

"Warum—my wife's first husband—went in the war, too. He was killed," he said, presently.

The stranger took his pipe out and filled it deliberately.

"She mourned a heap, I reckon?" he said gravely.

Henry nodded again.

"Terrible! I never seen him, but he was a mighty fine man—'cordin' to Manda. I hear of him—I hear a heap of him—from Manda. There wasn't a thing Warum couldn't do—'cordin' to her."

Henry sighed a little, and the stranger's pipe paused in the act of lighting.

"That so?" he said, interestedly.

"Yes, sir! I reckon he had everything his way in this house—Warum did! And he was a mighty handsome man—'cordin' to Manda."

The stranger lighted his pipe and then closed his eyes in the luxury of the first smoke. A smile of complete satisfaction gathered at their corners.

Presently he said:

"Kind of man that always wiped his boots careful, eh?"

Henry looked surprised.

"Always!"

"Never had to wash the dishes, eh?"

Henry stared.

"Like you do," added the other, and again Henry nodded.

"Or churn?" said the stranger.

Another nod.

"Or milk?"

Henry shook his head and sighed a little.

"He wasn't the kind—'cordin' to Manda, she'd never dared—"

The stranger coughed suddenly.

"Reckon you don't smoke in here?" he said.

"No, sir—that is, you see, it smells up the place—my wife's mighty particular."

The other blew a deliberate cloud of smoke to the ceiling with unconcealed enjoyment, then turned his eyes on Henry Summalt.

"I used to be just that kind of a jack-rabbit! Wear an apron in the house?"

Henry's pale face colored in the lamplight, and he nodded.

"Better for my clothes," he said apologetically.

The stranger arose and knocked his pipe in the chimney, and stood looking down on the other.

"Yep; that's it. I had one. Yes, sir! I washed dishes and churned and milked and swept and boot-brushed and got browbeat and pretty well tarred inside with bread and spreadin' and—yes, sir—I wore an apron! If I see one hangin' to a line now, I swear loud at it!"

Henry's hands were on his knees. The luxury of this confidence was too deep for expression. The stranger suddenly clapped his hand upon his side and added: "Then one night—when I set on the back step eatin' bread and spreadin', with the dishes waitin', it come to me that I warn't born a hen chicken, and, sir, I lit out that night and 'listed! Yes, I did! I was gettin' as puny and poor-livered as you!"

"Dunno how you dared!" said Henry, softly.

"I reckon youn calls you a fool pretty regular?" added the stranger, suddenly.

Henry nodded.

"And you ain't doin' nothin' to prove you ain't?"

Henry's upward gaze was appealing.

"A woman like that—like Manda—don't leave a man much chance to be anythin' else, does she now? She's mighty high-flyin' an'—an'—"

"Temper and high-colored," said the other. "I know 'em! I had one."

"An'—an', handsome, some folks think," added Henry.

The other adjusted his pipe.

"Gimme a bowl of mush in preference," he said.

Henry's heart was beating rapidly. "It's mighty queer to sit an' talk of it," he said. "I ain't met you before, neither, an'—an'—it's all queer, the way you come in a ali—but, I do say, sir, you seem to know more than anybody I



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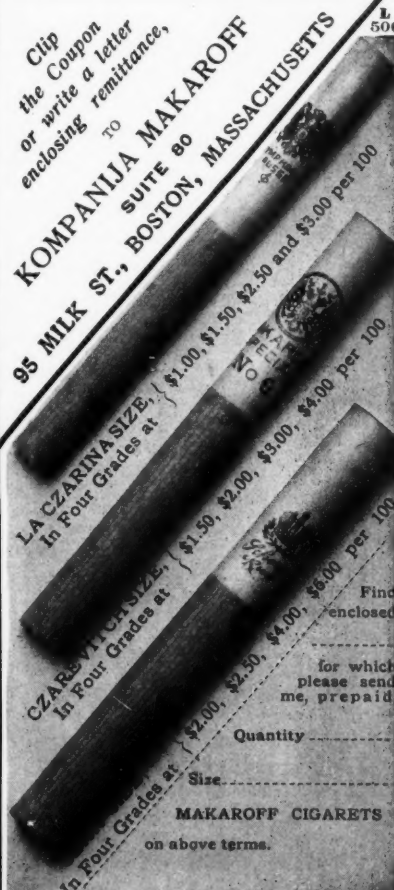
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ever held conversation with! But—but she'll be back before long. I must do the dishes and—and—and blow out the smell of the sausages, you know! Would you mind coming in the kitchen, sir? She—she's mighty particular about smokin' in here. I reckon I can blow the smell out though."

The other blew a second cloud to the ceiling and took an ancient timepiece out.

"Hold on, man! I'm going to smoke right here. It's good for Mrs. War—Summalt's soul. So Warum cleared out, did he?"

Henry paused, plates in his hands, as he rose.

"He didn't want to go—'cordin' to Manda—but his country called. That's what she says, and he wasn't the man to back down! Not him. 'I may never return to my wife and home,' he said, 'but you may glory in knowin' I died for my country!' he said."

"He did!" the stranger's utterance was admiring enough to satisfy the little man opposite; 'died for his country, did he? Country called him, did it? Went to glory wrapped in a flag! My! warn't he a hero?"

Henry nodded seriously.

"That's what he was—'cordin' to Manda!"

The stranger shut one eye and looked in his pipe.

"You ain't had any longings to clear out and go die of somethin' besides bread and spreadin' yourself, have you?"

"Me! Me go away?"

The stranger nodded.

"Why not? Warum went."

"That was different. His country called." Henry paused, and suddenly put the plates on the table again; his hand shook a little as he passed it over his face. "I've got a daughter out West—my first wife's child. I've wanted to see Mimie bad—ever since—ever since—"

"You come East and was married by the Widow Warum," added the stranger. "Well, what's to hinder?"

Henry swallowed something, but his face showed a sudden flame of longing, mingled with resentment.

"I—I haven't just been able to leave," he said.

"I see. What money you had is paid quarterly to—er—your wife, I reckon." Henry stared, and the other added: "I told you I had one like her once."

He went to the window and peered through the broken chink, then turned and stood with hands thrust in his pockets. "Moon's out again. 'Twas mostly wind. I'm goin' to take the express presently, and strike out for the West in the morning. Want to go 'long, old man?"

At Henry's petrified stare, in which fear, amazement and longing were blended, he added a slap on the shoulder, at which the little man trembled.

"Why, bless your galluses! What d'ye think I'm here for? Look at this!" He took a letterout and put it in Henry's hand. "Read it! read it!" Then he opened the door, letting in a rush of autumn wind laden with the odor of wild grape. The moon lay white outside, and the world stretched wide beyond. Henry, trembling at the mystery, stood studying the few lines under the lamp. When he looked up there were tears on his face, and he brushed them away with a shaking hand.

"Did she write these here, sir?—Mimie?"

"Sure! I run across her and her husband and kid by accident. Went out to their place to inspect a pasture lot. She treated me white, and I told her I was coming East—and a heap more. She told me about you. She wants you and I promised to fetch you. That's all. Get your duds! We've got twenty minutes."

Henry drew his hand across a confused brow.

"Manda will—Manda will—"

"Right you are! Manda will—she will as long as there's breath in her body! Hustle, man!"

Henry's chin trembled.

"If I can see Mimie once I won't mind dyin'!" he suddenly burst out.

"Dyin'! You ain't a-goin' ter die! It's just the wishin'-you-were feeling. Get any money?"

Henry looked nervously over his shoulder.

"There's a little—it was mine—I mean—it's—"

"In the old tea-caddy" put in the other. "Get it!"

Henry's eyes suddenly started in fear. He made a stumbling step forward.

"Who are you? How d'ye know it all? Who are you, anyway?"

The stranger chuckled enjoyingly as he bent to utter one word, and Henry started back.

"Now, I reckon you'll come, 'cause there ain't anything ter do 'cept for us to light out together!" he said calmly.

A whistle sounded up the road as the two men leaped a fence and made for the shed, which was the switch station. Behind them the house stood lighted and warm. Before them sounded a horse's hoofs on the road. They ran into the shed and drew back in the darkness watching. The smaller of the two dragged a gripsack. A buggy came along, with a light horse driven at a hard pace. In the moonlight a woman could be seen sitting very erect and using the whip valiantly.

"She'll find the sausages!" muttered the smaller man.

"Old gray, ain't it?" said the larger.

"He pulls steady and works steady and never goes out o' the road," said the little one, "but Manda believes in the whip."

Here the train rushed up to the shed.

"Just the sort of jack-rabbit I used to be!" chuckled the stranger, as they emerged from the darkness, "but maybe I'll live to rescue Number Three!"

## They Don't Marry in Books

MARRYING has gone out of style in love stories. In smart stories the lovers share each other's joys and sorrows without the assistance of the marriage ceremony, and in family magazines the story writers trump up any kind of an excuse which will compel the lovers to renounce each other. F. Hopkinson Smith is not very good at fixing an excuse for a pair of lovers he is taking through the pages of a current magazine. His hero is a distinguished and handsome physician. His heroine belongs to the finest family in town and possesses a refined beauty which improves with age. Twenty years have elapsed since the story began and Mr. Smith has not given his readers the slightest hope that the two lovers will ever stand before a preacher taking each other for better or worse. He is a little old-fashioned, however, and seems to believe in the marriage relation, but he wants to be in style and feels he must not allow his hero and heroine to marry. He has the beautiful sister of the heroine have an unfortunate love affair in which she becomes the mother of a son. The beautiful sister was only sixteen when the event happened and her lover dies before he has given her his name. The heroine shouldered the little boy and raised him. He calls her "Mother." The heroine tells the neighbors that she adopted him in Paris. The neighbors think it is "funny," because the boy looks so much like the family of the heroine. The distinguished physician trusts the heroine; his face lights up every time he sees her, and he helps her raise the boy. The heroine's sister lives in Paris, marries, has a daughter; her husband dies and she is about to marry again, but the heroine and the doctor, who are madly in love with each other, cannot marry. In the last number of the magazine the heroine was forty-six and the hero a few years older. They still look deeply into each other's eyes and want to belong to each other, and the readers of the story wonder why on earth Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith will not allow the two to marry.—*Atchison Globe*.

"YOU know 'Pop' Wood, my brother-in-law?" remarked Walter Andrews.

"Keenest fellow about the gentle art of luring a fish into a basket. Tells fish stories from rosy dawn until late in the dewy eve. That is, he did. A carpenter who is working on Attorney Frank J. Murphy's house over at Larkspur has temporarily put him out of commission. This carpenter is from Missouri. Came over to 'Pop' Wood's adjoining villa at Larkspur the other evening and sat patiently on Wood's veranda for half an hour while 'Pop' reeled over questionable tales of his fishing adventures. Then he calmly broke into the conversation.

"Speaking about fish," said the man from Missouri, "you ought to see some of the fishing we have over our way. There's a creek runs through our ranch, and in winter when the creek freezes over you go down to the creek with an axe and a pitchfork. You cut a hole in the ice and immediately all the fish gather around that hole to breathe. Then you shovel them up with the pitchfork."

"Pop" hasn't mentioned fish since."—*San Francisco Call*.

IN THE midst of the Home Rule controversy Mr. Chamberlain was the guest of Sir William Harcourt at Malwood, yet in the House the two were always at it hammer and tongs. A cynical humorist commented on this fact as a pleasing phase of political controversy. "Oh," replied Sir William, "Joe and I are almost like brothers." "Yes," responded the cynical one, "so were Cain and Abel."—*Troy Times*.

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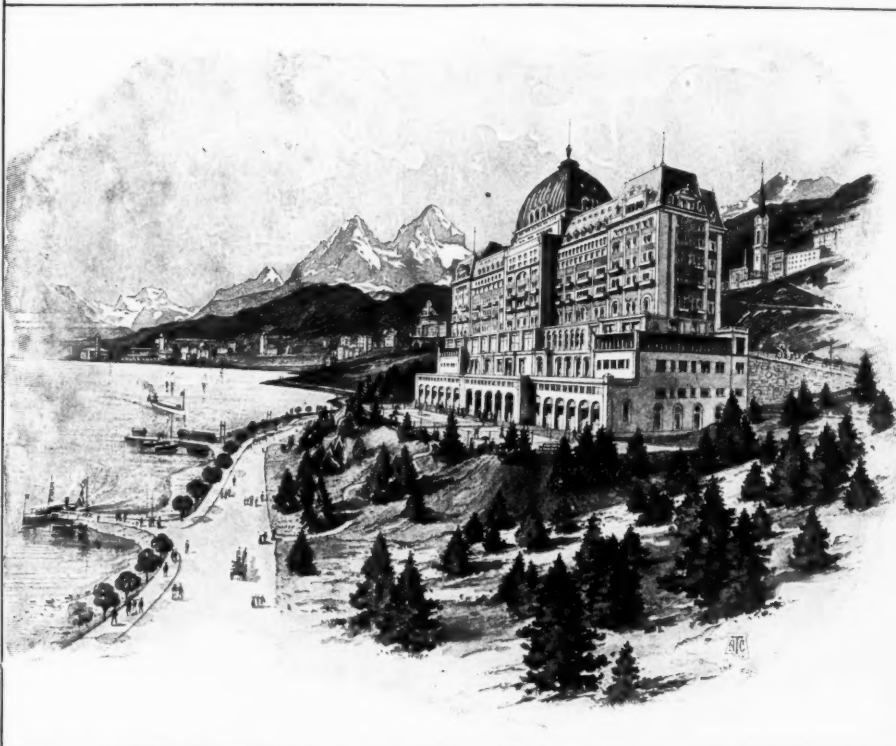
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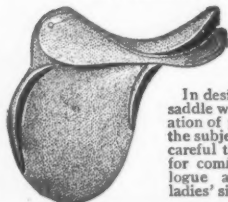
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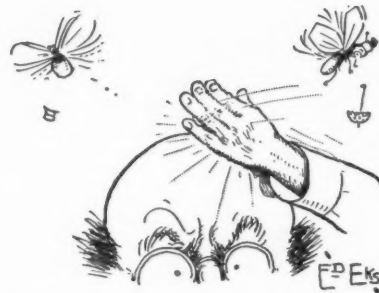
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ARE there any folk whatever.  
Here amid these earthly scenes,  
That are even half-way honest?  
Well, not in the magazines.

*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

### "Damn the Filipinos!"

ON THE 17th of March a banquet was held at Pope Hall, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in honor of Brigadier-General Franklin Bell, who was about to leave his former headquarters at Fort Leavenworth in order to assume the position of chief of staff of the United States army. According to the *Leavenworth Post*, a feature of this "magnificent demonstration" was the singing of a song that gave a "very apt description of life in the Philippines." Of this remarkable ballad the following is a sample verse:

Underneath the nipa thatch,  
Where the lazy lepers scratch—  
Only haven after hiking all day long—  
As I lay me down to sleep,  
Slimy lizards o'er me creep,  
And I hear the soldiers sing their evening song

### Chorus.

Damn, damn, damn the Filipinos,  
Pockmarked, kakiac ladrones!  
Underneath the Starry Flag  
Civilize them with the Krag,  
For we want to see our own beloved home!

Should this striking composition come to the notice of the people whom it so "aptly" and so charitably "describes," they will no doubt be inspired to continue it in some such strain as this:

From their dear, delightful home  
To our heathen isles they come,  
Gentle missionaries of sweetness and of light!  
They may have to shoot a few  
And to burn a town or two,  
But we know they love us—so it's quite all right!

### Chorus.

Bless, bless, bless the 'Mericanos!  
Paragons of kindness and tact!  
Oh, my brothers, it is grand  
That they've occupied our land  
Just to show us how true Christians ought to act!



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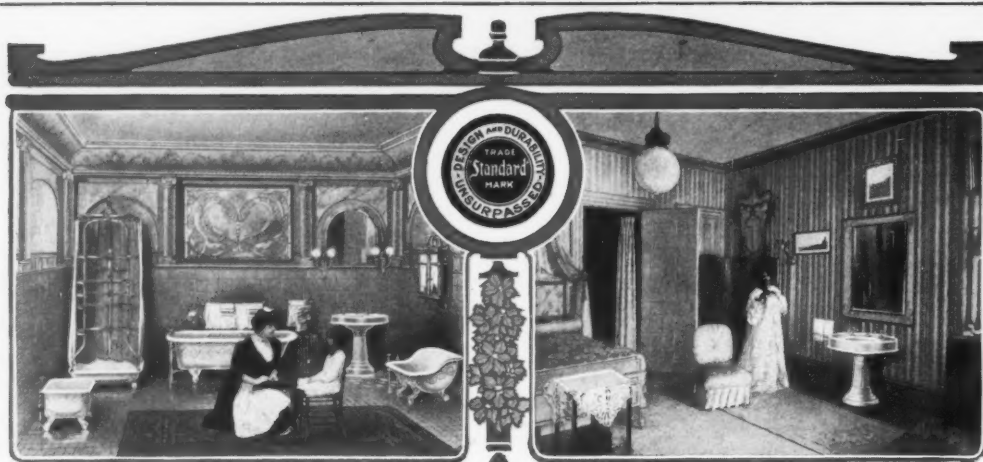
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"Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware is non-porous and has the snow white purity of china—the strength of iron, and is the only equipment fulfilling every requirement of modern sanitation. "Standard" Porcelain enameled closets are of the highest and most modern construction, and are sanitarily perfect. They are made in one piece and enameled inside as well as out, and are absolutely non-porous and impervious to the action of sewer-gas, dirt and disease germs. A home equipped throughout with "Standard" Ware is a joy and the pride of the occupant or owner.

Our Book "MODERN BATHROOMS" tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet on the subject and contains two pages. "MODERN BATHROOMS" gives prices in detail and full information regarding interiors shown in this advertisement. Sent for 6 cents postage.

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "Green and Gold" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture, it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word "Standard" is stamped on all of our nickled brass fittings; specify them, and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.

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A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all affections of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MIENNEN COMPANY, New York, N.Y.

**COIFFURES POUR DAMES**

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Marcel Waving  
Shampooing  
Manicuring  
Hair Coloring  
Scalp Treatment  
Facial Massage

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Wig-Toupes  
Pompadours  
Transformations  
Toilet-Articles  
Shell-Ornaments  
Fleur-Plumes  
Parures

## In the 'Bus

What Occurred When the Fare Went Into the Lamp

PLACE: Fifth Avenue.

SCENE: Cavemous depths of a joggly 'bus

TIME: Eleven o'clock any morning.

Enter NEWCOMER: Lurches forward and apparently deposits nickel in yawning receptacle for same; sits down by a kindly-faced gentleman, and opposite a rosy lady, who is regarding a notice: "Passengers will please see that all fares are deposited." The 'bus jogs along a block.

Voice of DRIVER (through hole in glass where you reach for change): . . . lady . . . fare! (His voice is unintelligible to most of the passengers, but kindly-faced gentleman rises and responds.)

K. F. G.: The lady put her fare in the lamp.

DRIVER (hoarsely): I don't want it in the lamp.

NEWCOMER (indignantly): I *didn't* put my fare in the lamp.

Chorus of Passengers: In the lamp—ha, ha!—Put her fare in the lamp—lamp.

DRIVER: . . . lady . . . fare!

K. F. G.: It's in the lamp.

DRIVER: . . . fare!

NEWCOMER (pointing to solitary nickel in receptacle): That's mine! I just put it in.

ROSY LADY (becoming more rosy): Why, he means me.

K. F. G. (to NEWCOMER): It was the lady opposite.

Chorus of Passengers: The lamp—too bad—don't wonder.

DRIVER: . . . lady . . . fare!

ROSY LADY (appealing to K. F. G.): Does he want me to pay another fare?

NEWCOMER: Don't you do it. It serves them right for collecting their fares in such a silly way.

K. F. G. (gingerly pokes smoky chimneyed lamp with gloved forefinger): I don't see it.

ROSY LADY: It went in, I heard it.

Chorus of Passengers: She heard it—the idea—I don't see.

ROSY LADY: There was a fat man standing there, and I reached around him and dropped it in somewhere.

NEWCOMER (sympathetically): No wonder.

ROSY LADY (brightening). Anyway, I get off here.

(K. F. G. pulls strap. 'Bus draws to kerb, door opens, rosy lady descends. The passengers begin to look blank and bored again.)

NEWCOMER (hopefully to K. F. G.): Perhaps now they'll clean the lamp.

K. F. G. (doubtfully): Maybe.—*Anne Slory Allen, in New York Post.*

## No Setting for Jewels

POINTING to her sons, Cornelia had just exclaimed, "These are my jewels!"

"Then," replied the heartless janitor, "you'll have to keep them in the safe. As children, they ain't allowed in this apartment house."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"THINGS have come to a pretty pass," remarked the guide, as he led Algernon and Percy into the Yosemite Valley.—*Lampoon.*





Would you have  
**Fine Teeth?**

Take proper  
precautions  
to prevent  
early  
decay

USE

**DR. SHEFFIELD'S  
CRÈME DENTIFRICE**

In use since 1850

For Sale Everywhere

### Fish Distinguish Colors

"FISH know colors," said one of the biologists of the University of Pennsylvania. "They can distinguish between red and blue, or white and green, as well as you and I."

"So you say," said a skeptical lawyer.

"It is the truth."

"So you say," the lawyer repeated.

"I'll prove it," cried the biologist, and he led the way to his huge aquarium.

In this aquarium were some red and some yellow and some green fish, and in it were artificial grottoes painted respectively red and yellow and green. The biologist roiled the water with his hand, and the fish fled, the red ones to the red grotto, the yellow ones to the yellow grotto and the green ones to the green grotto.

"They know which color shields them from observation best," said the biologist. "Now, I'll change the grottoes, so as to prove my statement a second time."

He moved the grottoes to different places in the aquarium, and again roiled the water.

The same thing followed as before. Each fish darted like a shot to the grotto of its own color, where it knew it would be best concealed.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

### Why He Knew About the Apples

NOT long ago a man was about to purchase a barrel of apples at the establishment of a produce dealer. They appeared to be especially fine ones, but an old farmer standing near whispered to him to look in the middle of the barrel. This the would-be purchaser did, to find that with the exception of a layer at each end the apples were small and inferior.

"I'm much obliged," he said, turning to the old farmer.

"I've got some nice ones on my wagon I just brought in," the old fellow ventured, diffidently.

"I'll take a barrel from you, then," the man said, paying him the price and giving his address for their delivery.

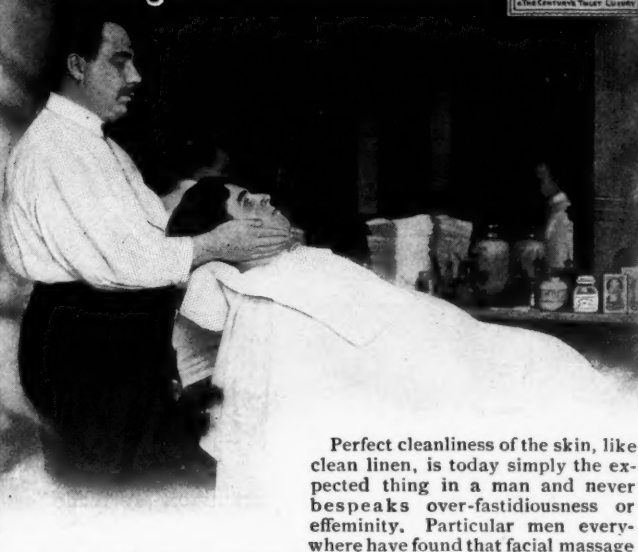
"Say," a bystander asked, as the purchaser walked away, "how did you know those apples in the centre of the barrel were no good?"

A twinkle came into the old codger's eye.

"Oh, that was one of my bar's," he said.—

*Sturm's Statehood Magazine.*

## A Sign of Cleanliness



Perfect cleanliness of the skin, like clean linen, is today simply the expected thing in a man and never bespeaks over-fastidiousness or effeminacy. Particular men everywhere have found that facial massage

clears the skin of pore-dirt that washing does not take away—hence, as a matter of cleanliness, they find frequent massage with

## Pompeian Massage Cream

indispensable. Not only does a Pompeian massage perfectly cleanse the skin, but it removes wrinkles and blackheads, takes out stiffness of the facial muscles due to mental or physical concentration, animates the tissues and makes the flesh firm and solid.

Automobile drivers, athletes, ball players, mechanics, railroad men—all whose work or play soils hands or face, will find Pompeian Massage Cream a most valuable cleanser. Your barber can give you a hand-massage with Pompeian Massage Cream. But don't let him use an inefficient, perhaps dangerous, substitute. Look for the Pompeian sign of cleanliness and the name on the bottle. Pompeian Massage Cream is sold by druggists for home use.

Your wife or sister will be glad to have a jar of Pompeian Massage Cream in the house. Most women to-day recognize the value of this preparation in maintaining a clean, clear, healthy skin. It contains no grease and makes the use of face powders unnecessary.



This is the jar the barber buys.

### SAMPLE MAILED FREE

Send your name to-day—we also send a complete book on Facial Massage.

Regular size jars sent by mail where dealer will not supply. Price 60 cts. and \$1.00 a jar.

**POMPEIAN MFG. COMPANY**  
25 Prospect St. Cleveland, Ohio

Men like Pompeian Massage Soap. A high grade toilet article, healing and refreshing, but not highly perfumed. Sold everywhere.



This is the jar the druggist sells for home use.

Now **25 cts. per** Package of 10  
"The Exquisite Egyptian"

# "NESTOR"

(Nestor Gianacis, Cairo and Boston.)  
**CIGARETTES**

Also in tins of 50 and 100.

*Sold by all Clubs, Hotels and Prominent Dealers throughout the world; if unobtainable, write us.*

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BOSTON, MASS.

• LIFE •

# WINCHESTER



## .32 and .35 Caliber Self-Loading Rifles

The Winchester Model 1905 Self-Loading Rifle is not cumbersome, complicated and unsightly like most other self-loading firearms, but a simple, handsome, well-balanced gun. The Winchester self-loading system permits rapid shooting with great accuracy and on account of the novelty and ease of its operation adds much to the pleasure of rifle shooting either at target or game.

For certain kinds of hunting where the quarry is generally shot on the run, the Winchester Self-Loading Rifle is particularly well adapted. The .32 and .35 caliber cartridges that the Model 1905 handles are of the modern smokeless powder type and give excellent penetration and great shocking effect on animal tissue. Winchester guns and Winchester ammunition are made for one another.

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the creation par excellence of the nation.

Agencies in all the principal cities in the world.

The first derby made in America was a

C & K

## Knapp-Felt HATS FOR MEN

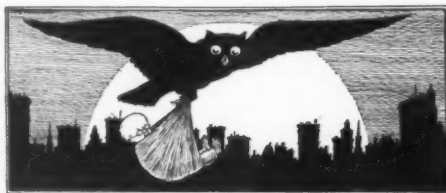
Knapp-Felt De Luxe Hats are \$6. Knapp-Felt Hats—the next best—are \$4. Exclusive high-grade hats for discriminating men. The best hatters sell them. Write for The Hatman

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.  
Broadway, at 13th Street, New York

PERCY: My father occupies the chair of applied physics at 'Auvud.

CHIMMIE: Chee, dat's nuttin'. Me brudder occupied de chair of applied electricity at Sing Sing.—*Princeton Tiger*.

WHEN the average American awakes in heaven he will be disappointed unless he finds an alarm-clock and a cup of coffee.—*Saturday Evening Post*.



TO BOSTON, MASS.

RIMER: I think the idea is certainly poetical. I might make it into a quatrain; would you?

CRITICK: I would not.

RIMER: How would you put it out, then?

CRITICK: I would not.—*Philadelphia Press*.

"I SAY, kid, wake me when I'm thirsty."

"When will you be thirsty, stupid?"

"When you wake me!"—*Sporting Times*.



THEY LOSE NOTHING IN THE TUB  
BUT THE DIRT.

## ARROW COLLARS

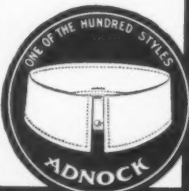
Are Clupeco shrunk, which means they will retain their original shape and size after washing, an unusual feature in collars. Over 100 styles all in

### QUARTER SIZES

15 cents each—2 for 25 cents. Send for booklet and dealer's name.

LUETT, PEABODY & CO.,  
Largest Makers of Shirts and Collars in the World.

457 River Street, Troy, N. Y.



She said she had  
"nothing to wear,"  
but when she ap-  
peared in her

## Lansdowne

gown, she was voted  
the most charmingly  
dressed woman in the  
room.

ALL COLORS AND SHADES

Genuine perforated every 3  
yards on the selvedge

WOLF BRAND

For sale at all good  
stores

## The Only Safety Razor

that will not Cut  
and Slash the  
Face.

## "Two Minute" Safety Razor.



You can shave  
yourself in a dress  
suit, if you want to,  
with a Two Minute  
Safety Razor. The

lather can't drip over your garments. This razor is built for quick action and does perfect work. No exposed blade corners to cut and slash the face. Washed and wiped as easily as a dinner plate. Best and most lasting edge ever put on a thin razor blade. Pitch of the blade holder absolutely correct. Makes it easy to shave the most angular face. No parts to separate, fuss with and put together again. No busy man who likes a clean, perfect shave can afford to be without it.

Sold Only on 30 Days' Trial Plan.

Complete—Triple silver blade holder, with ebony handle, 24 keen edge, Sheffield steel blades, the best made, all in neat, durable, plush-lined leather case, \$5.00.

Ask your dealer. If he can't supply you, write us. Get our Free Booklet anyway.

United States Safety Razor Co.  
Shop Office No. 26, Adrian, Mich., U. S. A.



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**Glycerine Soap**



**The Secret of a Healthy and Beautiful Skin**  
 A perfect complexion is assured by all who use this Soap. Its transparency is a sign of its purity.

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 MULHENS & KROPPF, 298 Broadway, New York  
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**12 Blades**  
**24 Perfect Edges**  
 The wonderful blade that has changed the razor world.

The Razor that gives a cool, smooth, satisfying shave at home in four minutes.

Truthful letters from constant users tell of the marvelous tensile strength of these blades. Single blades have been used 30, 60, and up to 142 times.

**Simple and Durable**

Triple silver-plated set with 12 blades	\$ 5.00
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Standard combination set with shaving brush and soap, in triple silver-plated holders	12.00
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Standard packages of 10 blades, having 20 sharp edges, for sale by all dealers, at the uniform price of	50.00

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 Ask to see them, and for our booklet  
 Write for our special trial offer

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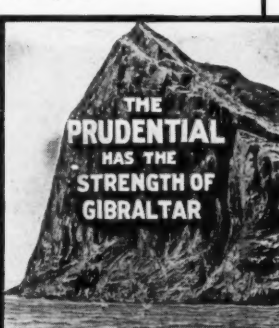
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"The latest human products of a Puritan heritage and a Boston environment are portrayed in this novel with much the same sort of artistic realism that Mrs. Humphrey Ward uses in her chosen field of London and English life. It is much the same quality of mind brought to bear on social conditions that are in some respects fundamentally alike yet vastly different in many essential and conventional respects."—*Boston Globe.*

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## YOU SHOULD KNOW THEIR MERITS

# socks

## THEY INSURE

Durability      Comfort  
Perfect-Fit      Style  
Sanitary Colors

## TEXTURES

Cotton . 4 weights.	Wool . . 2 weights.	<b>Sizes</b> <b>9 to 11½</b>
Lisle . . 2 "	Worsted . 2 "	
Gauze . 1 "	Linen . . 1 "	

Some kinds of socks cost the retailer only 12 cents to 15 cents per pair. He charges you 25 cents per pair for them.

*Shawknit* Socks are made from the best of materials, cost the retailer more money, thus making their profits a trifle less. For this reason, perhaps, some dealers do not like to handle them.

When you purchase *Shawknit* Socks you are obtaining your money's worth, also a standard article, as they have been on the market over 28 years.

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SUPPLY YOU  
If he cannot, send your order direct to us

## Here Are Some Correct Spring Styles

## LIGHT WEIGHT

Style 19S9	-	-	-	Black (four Famous Snowblack)
Style 19SW	-	-	-	Black Uppers, Cream Colored Soles
Style D9	-	-	-	Navy Blue, Hair-line Stripes
Style 91F40	-	-	-	Tan, Small Cardinal Embroidered Figures
Style 5P1	-	-	-	Oxford Mixture Outside, Pure White Inside
Style 3S8	-	-	-	Navy Blue

Price, 25 cents per pair. 4 pairs in a box, \$1.00 Postpaid  
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